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This Week

In the old rosy days of British Imperialism, any article called 'Ireland As It Is' by 'An Irish Contributor' would have been full of thrills, but in this era of democracy and liberty things have changed. Ireland is now very much like any other nation in the world that is trying to make both ends meet. Having survived the agricultural depression and innumerable labor squabbles, the country seems to be headed for better things at last.

* * *

After reading M. Dubarbier's lively fantasy about Americans in China, we shall go around with bowed and shamed heads. It appears that the United States has once again attempted to put one over on the Old World, which conduct, as we ought to know by this time, is downright immoral as well as in the worst possible taste. What China really needs is not exploitation but some nice friendly nation to help her out of her present condition. Nominations are now in order.

* * *

The above is a Frenchman's opinion and the contrast between it and the article by Ku Hung-Ming is striking. The West has so far forgotten the superiority of Eastern civilization as to look upon the Chinese as barbarians — an assumption that may some day be forcibly resented.

* * *

Arnaldo Cipolla has enriched his repertory of reminiscence by a stay in the city of Harbin, the Chicago of Manchuria. He too has seen evidences of a collapse in China, but he is not quite so bitter about the United States.

* * *

The *Living Age* has printed more than one article proving that Communism is firmly established in Russia. Our conservative readers will therefore be pleased to find that Mr. Aylmer Maude, an eminent English Tolstoian, predicts short life for the Bolsheviki. He said the same thing about the Romanovs twenty years ago.

* * *

Korea is a land of contrast to almost any other place in the world and it rounds out Oriental Week very neatly. The most pleasing and singular feature of this distant country is that the women are not only beautiful but silent, humble, and timid.

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

MORE COMMENT ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE

THE centenary of the Monroe Doctrine, already noted in our issues, continues to be a topic of comment in the foreign press. *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, after reviewing the history of the Doctrine and characterizing it as 'a solemn and imposing affirmation of Americanism,' says: —

The Monroe Doctrine has in recent years appealed to an even higher ideal of justice that we must demand and pursue in our national life — an ideal of justice that condemns every antisocial ambition to dominate and any thought of conquest, a justice that assures every one of our brother nations the right to pursue undisturbed its individual path to a higher culture.

El Sol of Madrid, in a leader entitled 'The New Monroeism,' describes the Doctrine as originally 'the voice of the new republican spirit in America defying the absolutism of Europe.' However, it has now lost that character.

It has changed from a doctrine of liberty to a doctrine of empire. . . . It formerly protected the weaker nations of America against the greed and oppression of Europe; but it has become an instrument of oppression and greed for the United States. It is not rare in history for a principle or an agency of liberty to become a weapon of despotism.

This journal cites the address of Secretary Hughes before the Philadelphia Academy of Political and Social Science, to prove this. The Secretary's references to the Panama Canal, to the maintenance of order in the Caribbean, to the interest of the United States in Cuba, represent, in the eyes of this editor, the familiar phrasing of imperialism. 'They express the biological law of necessity. To that law Germany appealed when she invaded Belgium, France appealed when she seized the Ruhr.' Apparently no international obligation exists, in this editor's opinion, requiring a Government to maintain reasonable peace and security within its own borders and to contribute its share to the economic welfare of the world.

Senator Enrico Catellani contributes to *Nuova Antologia* an extended review of the history and the successive interpretations of the Doctrine, in which he traces its evolution from a purely defensive declaration of America's independence of the Old World into a politico-economic policy. In this connection he says: —

Imperialism is not, as many political fanatics, ignorant of history, assume, a quality or disease peculiar to a people or a Government. It is a state of mind that develops in any nation or Government when it has attained so high a level of civilization,

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power, and wealth, that it is persuaded that the rest of the world will be benefited by its moral and material control. It was thus that Rome evolved from a free city to a world empire. It was thus that Great Britain grew from a little kingdom, precariously defending itself against Spanish imperialism, to her present position as mistress of the seas. It is thus that the United States, starting with a modest formula of purely defensive significance, finds itself a century later extending that formula to cover its growing ambition for dominion. . . . And the Doctrine may subsequently be modified and repealed . . . when the relative power of the two Americas changes, when the people of Central and Eastern Asia have become stronger and more aggressive, and when the policies and aims of the United States are determined by other than purely American interests and issues.

The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna takes a similar view: —

A formula, a shibboleth of immense popular appeal, is thus put in the hands of American politicians and statesmen, with which they can attempt many things and, as history shows, accomplish many things. The Monroe Doctrine, supported as it is by the unbounded self-confidence of the nation, has brought to the United States many brilliant successes. That country has not only multiplied its own territories more than fivefold, but it has made the other Governments of the continent its vassals, while holding Europe and Asia at a distance. And this relation between America and the rest of the world is not reciprocal; for that nation's political and economic influence is being exerted with increasing power all over the globe, and no other Government has hitherto ventured to assert an analogous doctrine to check its hand.

It is certain that the Americans have not reached the end of their expansionist policy; and no one can foretell all the consequences they will draw from the policy of Monroe. But it is interesting to note the way the future is conceived by the Americans themselves as expressed in the literature of the country for decades. America, they think, will eventually become a World Power called upon to supervise all the other nations of the earth, to bring them liberty and justice, and above all to save Europe. We see in the present condition of our own continent what that salvation means; and our own wish can only be to be saved from the further blessings of the Monroe Doctrine and from the favors of such a protector as the North American Union has proved to be.

An undertone of resentment at the officious attitude toward Latin America assumed by Spain and Italy at the time of the recent royal visit to Rome tempers the harshness with which our alleged insistence upon hegemony in the Western Hemisphere is judged by some of our southern neighbors — especially by those whose population, resources, and settled institutions make them look forward confidently to an independent political future. Returning to *La Prensa*, already quoted, we find an expression of this sentiment in an article entitled 'An American Front,' in which that journal asserts that the American front extends from the northern limit of North America to the extremity of South America, and that Argentina does not require the patronage of any European Power or coalition, being quite able to defend her own sovereignty.

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CHINA'S NEW PRESIDENT

CHINA'S new President, to whose purchased election we have previously referred, appears to be something of an enigma to the European colony in that country, in spite of the very definite opinions held regarding him and his supporters at the time he was promoted to his present place. Charles Daley, a contributor to the Chinese *Weekly Review*, concludes an article upon the new Executive as follows: —

Tsao Kun may not have much success as President of China. It is a thankless task so far. He has plenty of troubles ahead. Yet we foreigners who are still rubbing our

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shins after the clever way he has put it over on us in the Lincheng case are game enough to wish him well and to say that, if he can make the Chinese factions eat out of his hand as easily as he did the Diplomatic Corps, then China will be a safe place to live in and the face of Tsao Kun will look well on the dollar. Certainly he will be remembered longer than Yuan Shih-kai.

The election of a new Executive calls for a word as to the political forces that are behind him. When Yuan Shih-kai died the north was in the control of his army, while the five southern and western provinces — those geographically remotest from the capital — were in active rebellion. The leaders of the northern army, the Pei-yang Party, comprised two elements — the Anhui faction, inheriting the traditions of Li Hung-chang, and the Chihli faction, raised to prominence by the ascendency of their fellow-provincial, Yuan Shih-kai. These factions eventually split. The Anhui group founded the Anfu Club in Peking and presumably entered the pay of Japan, while Tsao Kun, the man just elected President, with Wu Pei-fu, his henchman, headed the Chihli Party. The latter eventually routed the Anfu Club in 1920, but with the support of Chang Tso-lin, the Mukden Tuchun, who at this time was allied with Wu Pei-fu. Last year, it will be recalled, Tsao Kun's two subordinates fought each other, with success leaning to Wu Pei-fu, who withdrew from the capital after his victory, leaving a fainéant President in office. Now Tsao Kun, the old Chihli leader and the former superior of both Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, assumes the Presidency. Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general who is said to be estranged from his former superior, Wu Pei-fu, commands the garrison at Peking.

The *Japanese Chronicle* reports that two of the Chinese members of Parliament who accepted the usual $5000 bribe as the price of their vote for Tsao Kun for President, as described in an editorial note in the *Living Age* of December 1, probably wish they had been more virtuous. Indignant students broke into their homes at Tientsin and did damage to the extent of $50,000, as evidence of displeasure with their unfaithful representatives. In one case the resourceful students dug through the brick wall of a building to force their way inside. They also beat up other men living in the same house with one of the offenders, in order to be sure to get the right one, 'further asserting,' according to the *North China Herald*, 'that anyone living with such a man deserved punishment.'

South China, which has been in constant turmoil under Sun Yat-sen for several years, seems to be falling into helpless anarchy, while that Radical leader's political antithesis, Chang Tso-lin, has succeeded in restoring order and giving unusual prosperity to Manchuria.

Indeed, if we are to believe an article presumably by a Chinese contributor in the Chinese *Weekly Review* of November 3, Canton, which is supposed to be the most Westernized of the native Chinese cities, is 'the darkest spot in China to-day.' Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who has been fighting his rivals almost constantly for more than a year, has resorted — apparently under the compulsion of events — to confiscation, in order to pay his mercenary troops. Nine months ago he sold the Agricultural Experiment Station at Canton, wiping out the results of ten years' scientific work in plant propagation and similar fields. More than 848 houses of worship, including monasteries and temples, together with the properties that constituted their endowments, have been alienated. A sweeping expropriation of private property where the owner could not

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show documentary title — something often difficult to do in China — has also been started. Indeed, some of the so-called public estates confiscated and sold by Dr. Sun's Government were held by contested title, and auctioned off despite the protests of private claimants to the same property.

The growth of American interests in China may be measured to some extent by the rapid development of American community enterprises in Shanghai. Since the war the Shanghai-American School has been completed, representing an investment in land and buildings of nearly $350,000 American currency, and a total expenditure of a half-million. Three American clubs, including a women's club twenty-five years old, are in existence. The American City Club, with a membership of nearly one thousand, has laid the foundations for a nine-story building which promises to be the largest and most comfortable club-home in the Orient. It will be completed next year, and will compare favorably with the best clubhouses in our larger American cities. Shanghai Americans also have a Country Club with over four hundred members, which has just raised a quarter of a million dollars to improve its property of about eight acres in the suburbs of Shanghai. Plans have been drawn for an elaborate clubhouse in Spanish Mission style, with swimming-pool and the usual appurtenances of such an establishment in America. A third new enterprise is a community church, for which plans have been drawn and a site acquired. This organization has three hundred and fifty-two charter members, and its new edifice will cost several hundred thousand dollars.

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INDIAN ELECTIONS

THE Indian elections have resulted in sweeping successes by the Swaraj or Independence Party in Bombay and Bengal, and presage their victory throughout the country. Some of the most distinguished native Liberals, or British Government supporters, have lost their seats. This does not mean, however, that actual control of the government, even to the limited extent permitted under the India Act, will pass to the Independence Party. It will enable the representatives of that party, however, to press certain of their demands upon the Viceroy for transmission to the Home Government under the threat of blocking business in the Indian Assembly if their petition is not granted.

Commenting upon the results of the election, the *New Statesman*, which keeps in close touch with Indian affairs, says: 'Although the Constitutionalists — that is, the Liberal supporters of India's present relations with the Empire — went into the election knowing that popular feeling was running hard against the moderate temper, they cannot have looked for so heavy a list of reverses as they have suffered. The Swarajs, it is true, have nowhere come in sight of a majority; but in several provinces, as well as in the All-India Assembly, they will be strong enough to form an effective opposition group.'

While there is no absolutely dependable measure of the sentiment of the Indian people as a whole, considerable weight attaches to the following declaration by Pandit Jawaharlal, in his Presidential address before the Provincial Congress at Benares: —

> There is hardly an Indian who does not in his heart of hearts desire independence, but there are many who dare not say so and many who think that it is unwise to make the assertion at this stage. Let us get rid of this mentality, this cowardice. We may not be strong enough to gain our object for a while, but we should be brave enough to declare it and to work for it. I would there-

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fore keep the ideal of independence before the people and accustom them to it.

The salvation of India will come through nonviolent noncoöperation. Violence has had a long enough career in the world. It has been wielded repeatedly and found wanting. Violence in Europe will go from excess to excess and will perish in the flames it has itself kindled, and will be reduced to ashes. Evil flourishes only because we tolerate it and assist in it. The most despotic and tyrannical Government can only carry on because the people it misgoverns themselves submit to it.

England holds India in bondage because Indians coöperate with Englishmen and thereby strengthen British rule. Withdraw that coöperation and the fabric of foreign rule collapses. Fear and cowardice are the greatest sins, and unhappily we have enough of them in our country. Let us root out this cowardice and give it no shelter. Let it not masquerade, as it unfortunately often does, as nonviolence. There is no place for cowardice in a nonviolent movement. Better a man of violence who has the courage of his convictions.

Indian resistance to all attempts to draw the bonds of Empire closer is illustrated by the attitude of *Navayuga*, the Indian Nationalist daily, at the time of the recent Imperial Conference. Its editor would hear nothing of Imperial preference, which he regarded as merely another bond to shackle India.

It is evident the Dominions would resent any interference — even by the mother country — in their national economic policies, and this has been expressed, in an outspoken and frank manner, by General Smuts on behalf of South Africa. For the sake of the mother country, let us suppose the Dominions would agree to forgo their sentimental reasons and employ the unemployable surplus of Britain, but we are sure they would *never* agree to schemes of economic drain. Then there remains only India for serving as the dumping-ground of the Empire: and there is nothing new if she is forced to accept Imperial Preference. As a matter of fact, the Imperial Economic Conference and the Conference of the Colonial Premiers and Representatives are meeting to-day in order to forge new schemes of economic exploitation in India and other subject countries and save the British Empire from its impending destruction.

Young India, Gandhi's organ, comments: —

The Swaraj Party's unexpected triumph at the polls will, we hope, give their experiment the full chance of exploiting the utmost possibilities of their particular doctrine of obstruction. We have no faith in it, we are oppressed by the signs of demoralization; but the Party has no ground for complaint. Nearly every candidate that it sent forward has topped the list. We contemplate the result with genuine pleasure.

The London *Times* laments the results of the elections in a leader that predicts little immediate progress toward a solution of the Indian problem.

It is clear that the Government of India in the future will be increasingly difficult. Many of the ablest men in the present Councils, men of experience who courageously coöperated with the Government in the face of popular clamor, have lost their seats. Their places have been taken by men of varying and often unsubstantial views, who have given extravagant promises to the electors which they will now be called upon to make good. Inexperience, often sheer demagogy, has largely been substituted for a considerable knowledge of administration and politics in the fuller sense of the term.

There is, of course, in India no less than in other countries where democracy is at work, a wide difference between the platform and the legislative chamber; already some of the 'mend or end the Councils' party of the hustings are hinting that they are really constitutional reformers of the progressive type. But it is very probable that the Government of India and Parliament through the Viceroy may be confronted with a demand for an immediate extension of the Indian Constitution in the direction of Dominion status and full provincial responsibility, in which the Liberals will be tempted to join.

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THE THREE-MILE LIMIT

THE London *Economist* observes that the discussion of the proposed rum-running treaty between Great Britain and the United States, both in Parliament and in the public press, has been accompanied by 'an outburst of Palmerstonian nationalism which is indicative of the "jumpy" state of the public nerves.' It deplores this attitude, and points out that the three-mile limit is merely a convention, generally but not universally accepted among the nations of the world. Norway claims four miles, Spain six, Sweden four. Both France and Italy have insisted that their neutrality in case of war should be respected within six miles of the coast. The Institute of International Law has voted in favor of the six-mile limit.

The *Times* uses the 'incidents' on the American coast, where British vessels have been seized as rum-runners, to urge all possible dispatch 'in completing the negotiations on the antismuggling treaty,' on the ground that every day's delay makes a settlement more problematical.

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MINOR NOTES

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S latest book, *Principles of Industrial Civilization*, predicts that the great Powers of the future will be the United States, dominating the Western Hemisphere, Russia, perhaps China, and, he hopes, a close alliance of west and central Europe, controlling Africa.

'It is, of course, obvious,' he says, 'that the next Power to make a bid for world empire will be America. And the resources of America are more adequate than those of any previous aspirant to universal hegemony.' It is self-supporting; it has the largest white population of any State except Russia; it could build a navy strong enough to defeat any hostile combination; and the Americans excel all other nations 'in sagacity, in apparent moderation, and in the skillful use of an hypocrisy by which even they themselves are deceived.' Already 'we cannot adopt any economic policy, even in home affairs, which is displeasing to our American masters. This is part of the price we have to pay for defeating Germany.'

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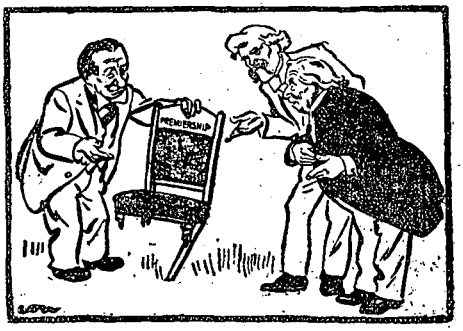
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Il Travaso of Rome welcomed the report that the Italian Chamber is to be dissolved with the following cartoon: —

'Closed again? What are they repairing this time?'

'The dignity of Parliament.'

Le Matin satirized Cabinet uncertainty in Great Britain after the last election with a cartoon representing Messrs. Baldwin, Asquith, and MacDonald protesting in chorus: 'After you, my dear sir. I prefer standing up.'



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IRELAND AS IT IS

BY AN IRISH CONTRIBUTOR

From the *Round Table, December*
(London Liberal-Imperial Quarterly)

This is certainly a country of quick changes. Three months ago we were all agog with excitement over the political situation. No two men could meet and talk for half an hour without the inevitable question: Will the Government come back? How many seats will the Republicans get? Will fighting start again this winter? To-day politics are a minor issue, and the nerves of the country are tense over finance and economics. 'Will the Government come back?' has changed into 'Will the Government be able to carry on?' The civil war of last year has retreated to the wings; labor disputes hold the centre of the stage. Food prices, high wages, and bad markets are what one hears spoken of. It is high time, indeed, the country became alive to the situation, for its existence is threatened by a danger greater even than civil war.

Let us consider the facts. Ireland is an agricultural country. Its wealth is its land. Its chief exports are agricultural produce, cattle, and horses. There is a universal, a world-wide depression in agriculture. That depression hits the Irish farmer worse than his English neighbor; it hits this country twice as hard as it hits England. In normal times it would be a danger, in the present times in Ireland it may be a calamity. This agricultural depression is the fundamental truth at the root of the new crisis in Irish affairs.

There are many reasons why the Irish farmer is more affected by a fall in the price of his produce than an English farmer, and the chief one is his distance from his market. England is his chief market, and in his cost of production must be reckoned the cost of marketing. At present that cost is enormous. Railway freights are 50 per cent higher than in England; the service is 50 per cent worse. The longer the journey to the market, the more the increased cost is felt, and the English consumer does not pay it. The competition from Denmark and other Continental countries, not to mention the home supply, is reducing the price of beef, mutton, potatoes, and butter, in the English markets. The cost of transit in Ireland does not diminish, and the Irish producer gets less and less.

The recent labor troubles in Dublin, Cork, and Waterford have emphasized the position. No cattle left these ports for months, and our export trade in cattle dropped more than 60 per cent. Any few cattle that were exported had to go via Greenore or Belfast, with the result that a rail journey of 100 or 150 miles was added to the expense of marketing. Every penny of that extra expense was a dead loss to the farmer. The same applies to all other produce.

Again, wages have not fallen in Ireland to anything like the extent they have in England. In County Dublin agricultural laborers are getting from 35*s.* to £2 a week. The average wages all over the Free State, taking one county with another, is certainly not less than 27*s.* Result: a further increase in the cost of production as compared with similar produce raised in other countries, and a still smaller price for

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the farmer. As I have said, owing to the recent dock strikes, cattle which were sold were sent by the northern ports to England; and the dockers there not unnaturally availed themselves of the opportunity to fleece the stranger. I heard of as much as *5s.* per head being charged for loading Free State cattle in Belfast, and £20 a week was no uncommon wage for a docker there to earn during September. This, again, comes off the price the farmer gets.

It must not be forgotten that this agricultural depression comes at a peculiarly unfortunate time in Irish affairs. Since 1919 there has been consistent waste of Ireland's economic resources. Her railways have been destroyed, her buildings burned, and her fairs interrupted. The wealth accumulated during the European War has been largely dispersed. The taxation necessary to repair the destruction and compensate the sufferers adds still more to the burden, and the Irish grazier and farmer is faced with the gravest crisis in his history.

No words are needed to explain the effect this depression must have on the Government of an agricultural country. Even if that Government were old and firmly established it would have difficulty in finding funds for its commitments. In Ireland the Government is neither old nor firmly established. Let me not be misunderstood. It is firmly established by comparison with its position a year, six months, even three months ago, but it is not firmly established in comparison with, say, the Government of England. In England the Government going out means another Government coming in. In Ireland the Government going out means no government at all.

The Irishman has not yet learned to rally round the Government. He has not yet learned the necessity for any government, but he is learning rapidly. His first thought still, when asked to pay a government call, is: 'How can I avoid it?' All this renders still more difficult the Government's position, and makes the present crisis the more acute.

Never was a new Government saddled with such a load as ours. A band of criminals, calling and thinking themselves patriots, have laid waste the country, and rendered necessary the creation of an army on a war footing which can only be maintained at a cost of millions. These 'patriots' also avail themselves of every dispute, such as the recent ones between Capital and Labor, to foster enmity against the Government. They destroy, they incite to destruction, they obstruct the civil process of the State, and if they are imprisoned, or punished, they scream for pity and sympathy, and accuse the State of barbarity. They diminish state income and increase state expenditure, and this at a time in the country's and the world's affairs when every penny should be jealously guarded, when industries should be fostered, taxation diminished, and production increased.

If no shot had been fired after the Treaty was signed, the position of a new Government, composed of necessarily inexperienced Ministers, with a Civil Service comparatively untrained, would, in this time of trade depression and unrest, have been difficult. Eighteen months' civil war with its attendant cost, a percentage of the people still openly hostile and a larger percentage either neutral or hypercritical, has made its position still more difficult. The Government could be excused if it said it was impossible, and if it lapsed into apathy. It has not said that, nor has it abandoned its efforts. I feel satisfied that the Government is alive to the danger and, while I may criticize some of its methods, I believe that the

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same energy and singleness of purpose which carried it through the civil war will win through this economic crisis.

One thing it must do is assist agriculture. I have heard subsidies suggested: I dislike the method. Any system of free grants is peculiarly unsuited to Irish character and temperament. Pauperization in some countries is a slow process; in Ireland it is an epidemic. Nothing pleases us, gentle or simple, so much as to get something for nothing, but, instead of encouraging effort, it reduces it.

My solution is to decrease cost of production chiefly by increasing marketing facilities. There are several subsidiary problems involved in this. Two of them are inextricably bound up with each other — cost of living and wages. I put cost of living first, because until food prices come down wages cannot be much reduced. There has been a Government Commission on Food Prices sitting for many months. Many witnesses have been examined, many theories advanced, but prices remain the same. The recent fall in the price of cattle has been phenomenal, but the butcher charges no less for meat. Potatoes last winter were barely salable in the country, but prices in Dublin shops remain the same. The wife of the artisan or laborer finds it no easier to buy food for her family.

There can be no doubt there is scandalous profiteering by the retailer, but that is not the only cause. The whole system of marketing is wrong. The foodstuffs pass through too many hands, and too many intermediate profits are made. The producer, the factor, the wholesaler, the lesser wholesaler, the retailer, the consumer. That chain must be shortened. There is practically no such thing as competitive buying from the producer or competitive selling to the consumer. The Dublin shopkeeper finds it pays better to keep up the ring than to advertise cheap wares to gain more customers. One hardly ever sees price lists and advertisements of cheap goods displayed in shops here, and this is particularly true of foodstuffs.

All this must be changed. The Government should not have to do it. The remedy is in the hands of the people themselves. But again that strange apathy is apparent. There is no organization, no united effort. I fear the Government must take it up. I dislike paternal government, but the Irish people are apparently not sufficiently well educated industrially and politically to act without a lead, and time presses. Coöperation would help to solve the food-price difficulty, and would assist the agriculturist, coöperative marketing, and coöperative purchasing. If the cost of living could be reduced even to the English standard, the wages difficulty would be more easily solved. The laborer would not have so many arguments against reduction, and we might have a week, or even a month, without a strike.

It would occupy too much space were I to attempt to analyze closely the labor question in Ireland. It is sufficient for the purpose of this article to give the results. Wages are much higher in Cork and Dublin than in Belfast, and still higher than in England. Labor disputes are more frequent. The disputes, when they have arisen, are more difficult of adjustment. The consequences on agriculture I have already shown. All other industries are equally affected, and national finance is threatened. By tackling effectively the problems of marketing facilities for farmers, food prices, and wages, the Government will increase the true income of everyone. Unless it does this it may find it hard to collect the taxes which must necessarily be levied for many years to pay for the criminal folly of the past two. It will likewise find it impossible

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to keep up national credit, which is vital at this juncture.

Writing of the necessity for keeping up the national credit naturally leads one to the much-canvassed question of a loan. It is undoubted that a loan is necessary to meet immediate requirements. The strain on the Exchequer has been particularly heavy for the last year, and will remain so for at least eighteen months more. It is nonrecurrent expenditure. Compensation for pre-truce and post-truce damage, and the expenditure on an army on a war footing, cannot, must not, be allowed to recur if the State is to exist. These present charges, however, must be met, and I unhesitatingly say a loan is the only way.

There are some who still talk of inflation of currency as a possible alternative, but the example of those countries who have adopted this method is, I think, a sufficient deterrent. A loan it must be, but what sort of loan? Is it to be an internal loan or an external loan? With a guaranty from England or without a guaranty? It is quite probable that before this article is in print these questions will be answered by the issue of the loan itself, and I am accordingly forced into a prophecy which may be proved false before it is uttered, an unfortunate, but truly Irish position. However, having an opinion, one may as well voice it.

I believe it will be an internal loan and issued without a guaranty from England. I also believe that this is the loan which is most likely to succeed. It would be ruinous for a young Government to admit that it had so little confidence in itself, its adherents, and its future that it dare not float a loan in its own country without having as the ultimate security another country, and particularly the country which was the alleged oppressor of the past. I also believe — contrary, I know, to the usually voiced opinion — that this loan will be largely subscribed for in Ireland. [This prediction has since been fulfilled. EDITOR.] The pessimist is always the loudest talker here. Anyone with a tale of woe to tell tells it at the top of his voice, and can always command an audience. Those persons who see some good in the Government and have some faith in the country do not talk. They exist, however, and when the time comes will act.

To those who do not know Ireland intimately I would like to say: Do not rely on statistics in forming any judgment on her position. For a quarter of a century political writers here have been proving by statistics that if Home Rule came to Ireland she would be better off by sixteen millions a year than she had been under the English. A different school of thought was at the same time proving by statistics to their equal satisfaction that under Home Rule Ireland would be bankrupt in three years. The truth is that there are no reliable figures available. Ireland's true taxable capacity is unknown. Ireland's true wealth is equally unknown. Income tax in the majority of cases was never collected on true incomes. It is as futile for a skilled economist to attempt by a flying visit to this country to arrive at any accurate estimate of Ireland's resources as it is for a politician on a similar visit to gauge the political situation. There will be as many surprises financially as politically.

Meanwhile in certain quarters every effort is apparently being made to destroy her credit and render impossible a successful loan. I often wonder what satisfaction it gives writers persistently to disseminate false reports, and color every item of news so that it may injure the Free State Government. Would the country be better if the present Government were out of office? Assuredly, no. What is it then? Is it

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that the dream of the British return still exists? Or is it that Ireland is still being used as a political whip to beat the English Government with? Perhaps it is pure hatred of the country. Whatever the reason, the result is disheartening for those living here and trying to carry on amid many discouragements. Every day I read in some English newspaper of Ireland's impending bankruptcy. That is pure invention. There is trade and agricultural depression, there is financial stringency, but there is no approach to bankruptcy.

When the new Land Act was passed, which provided for the collection of arrears of rent accrued due since 1920, less 25 per cent, the usual dismal prophecies were made. What is the good of passing an act? Not a penny will be paid and the Government will not attempt to make them pay. It is common knowledge now that the arrears are being paid, and the Government has announced its intention strictly to enforce payment.

It is a sad thing to have to say, but I know men — Irishmen — who are in their hearts sorry that this is so, some of them the very men to whom this rent is due. It is a lamentable feature of our character — our fondness for destructive criticism, and our lack of constructive ability. It is the most hopeful sign about the Government that it is not deflected from any course by the popular clamor of this destructive criticism.

The Republican prisoners are a case in point. The Government's attitude for months has been: 'You have the keys of your prison in your own hands. Sign a statement that you do not again intend to take up arms against your own country, and you are free. Refuse to sign and stay in jail.' That attitude has been maintained despite the protests of public bodies, the street meetings, the night vigils of Republicans outside the jails, and the hunger-strikes of the prisoners themselves. It has been maintained amid the silence of those persons who should support the Government policy.

It is obviously the correct, the only, solution of the prisoner problem. Men who have burned and ravaged a country are at last in custody. It has cost the State many millions to maintain an army to suppress them. The damage they have done to public and private property amounts to many millions more. If they were now to be released unconditionally, to renew their destructive campaign, government and law would be a mockery.

The Judiciary Bill which is at present before the Dail is obviously an attempt to popularize law. It has been stated that it will cheapen procedure, and bring the law to the people's doors. I think it is a bad bill and fear it will not prove a success. It is always a mistake to introduce a change for the sake of a change, and that appears to be the chief reason for the introduction of this measure. It is also a mistake to remove pomp and panoply from Irish Courts. The Irishman loves trappings, and the formalities of an Assize Court inspired respect. The law may easily be brought too close to the doors of the Irish peasant. One gets too familiar with what one meets at the door, and too much familiarity . . .

No picture of Irish life at the present time would be true were the improvement in the general tone of the people not noted. There is a cheerfulness which did not exist three months ago. People have begun to talk again about the ordinary affairs of life. The gloom has largely gone. Laughter is more frequent. You can see the change in the street, in the theatre, in the home. There is a belief abroad that we will muddle through. Hopeless has changed

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into hopeful. We all realize that the end is not yet, that dark and anxious days have still to come; but most of us believe that there is an end — somewhere — a distinct advance.

A year ago if you stopped your motor-car in a country village the street was instantly deserted. Everyone found that he had pressing business indoors. There was an eye at every window, but no one to answer questions. To-day that fear has fled, the glance is more direct, the answer readier. Men will even talk of 'the times' to strangers. 'They 're comical times we 're living in, sure enough,' was the opening remark a laborer in a County Meath village made to me the other day, and then went on to give me his views on political and labor troubles.

Another great improvement is that even the staunchest patriot is now *not* perfectly certain that the Irish are the greatest race in the world. There are doubts even in the densest minds as to whether liberty is all that it was supposed to be. We even stop sometimes to wonder what is liberty. In other words our political education has begun. It was only through tribulation that it ever could begin. As long as we had the Aunt Sally of England to throw things at, we were content to know nothing and believe any claptrap that was told us. We even thought that we were politicians. Now the realization is coming that there is more in politics than mere destruction. Having realized that, we may yet reach knowledge, and with knowledge peace and prosperity.

AMERICAN DESIGNS IN CHINA

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

[*We print this article, not as an entirely objective account of American policies in China, but as an interesting example of foreign opinion concerning those policies.*]

From *La Nouvelle Revue, December* 1
(Paris Republican Literary and Political Semimonthly)

It is no secret for those who follow with attention affairs in the Far East that America's growing influence in China is gradually bringing that country under the economic control of the United States.

For several years, and particularly since the war, the missionaries, commercial travelers, and manufacturers of that country have carried on in China a programme of peaceful penetration, successfully and powerfully supported by their Government — a Government that professes to be the least imperialistic in the world! It is not necessary to wear a sword or to talk in a military imperative in order to be a conqueror; one can often make broader and more enduring conquests with a Bible under the arm or the last Yankee notion in one's pocket. New China, left unprotected by the arrogance and incapacity of its rulers, falls an easy victim to persuasive advances. Therefore the mis-

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sionaries and business men of America, the advance guard of a rich and insatiable nation, constitute an economic army far more dangerous than invaders with cannon and rifles.

Up to 1920 the United States held an honorable but not a preëminent position in China. Official statistics of the Chinese Republic at that time ranked Americans fourth, after the Japanese, the Russians, and the English, with 412 business houses and 8230 citizens domiciled in the country.

Probably this seemed unsatisfactory to Washington, for ever since the war that Government has been mobilizing its vast capital reserves for economic expansion in the Orient. Its strategy is neat and effective. Its object is to secure first place among the nations struggling for the Chinese market, to oust European trade, especially that of England, and to call a halt to the aggressive enterprises of the Japanese. So the gentlemen at Washington have issued orders to their loyal and grateful subjects in Asia: their missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, their doctors and medical missions, their Y.M.C.A. organizers, and a whole host of their kind. These propagandists were effectively supported by the moral and, above all, the financial backing of their countrymen.

Simultaneously a liberally financed press flaunted everywhere the blessings of American civilization, the consolations of the Bible, the superiority of American products — in a word, the biggest advertising campaign on earth was begun.

We do not criticize the United States for its policy of publicity. Every nation has its own methods, and we all know that good taste and moderation are not typical traits of our transatlantic neighbors. We do not criticize their desire to hold the first place in China — that is due partly to their sporting spirit.

But we do wish to emphasize the insinuating and hypocritical tactics of these *arrivistes*. Priests and preachers of every denomination are less intent on conversions than on commerce. They are not missionaries seeking to evangelize indifferent Chinamen, but commercial travelers preparing the way for the financiers, engineers, and promoters of their country. Their leader is naturally the American Minister at Peking. That official is invariably a 'representative,' in precisely the meaning that we give that word in trade. It is impossible to call such sandwich-men of American wares diplomats.

America has taken shrewd advantage of the anarchy that has overwhelmed China for the last ten years to further her tireless commercial propaganda. Some American missionaries even boast that they really started the Revolution of 1911, which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty. Behold these reverend gentlemen transformed into political agitators, and troubling the waters of the Heavenly Kingdom in order to fish more successfully in their depths!

Unquestionably, Young China — that is to say the men who have succeeded the Manchus in control of affairs — has been fairly benevolent to the moral and material enterprises of the Yankees. Most of these new politicians were educated in American universities. They doubtless honestly believed that by calling their Government a republic and copying the trademark U. S. A. they could magically transform an ancient empire into a modern State. We shall not try to describe the horrible mess they have made of their experiment. We wish simply to point out the close sympathy between New China and Washington, and the skillful way the latter Government has played upon the sentiments of its disciples. It will then be time to ask if the

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attitude of the Americans has been disinterested, and if it has not encouraged the present political demoralization in China.

We have already pointed out how American banks have lent farsighted financial support to humanitarian enterprises that serve their propaganda. The Government at Washington made a great demonstration of renouncing its share of the Boxer indemnity. This gift really consisted in remitting half of the amount due and donating the remainder to establish and support a college at Peking, which has proved a marvelous propaganda agency for the United States.

When the break-up came after the Revolution, the Americans saw that their interests required them to keep a sharp eye on every factious leader. They have managed to put a military or religious adviser of their own on the private staff of each *tuchun*, or quasi-independent fief-holder, in the so-called Republic. This device enables them to keep promptly and fully informed concerning the plans of these local chieftains, while they simultaneously pay court to the Central Government, if we may so call the phantom administration at Peking. There the Americans evoke the Japanese spectre. They have used that scarecrow with great effect, for every Chinaman cherishes a long-standing hatred for his powerful Asiatic neighbor, which needs little stimulus from an outside source. And it is not the least paradoxical aspect of the whole situation that China, powerless and rent as she is by civil war, has thereby been able to win a diplomatic victory that she probably never dreamed of gaining. This brings us to the Washington Conference.

After reading the debates of that memorable Conference, one sees clearly that China was treated as the most favored nation there by the assembled diplomats of two hemispheres. Undoubtedly she owes this to the benevolent patronage that the United States lavished upon her, in pursuing its anti-Japanese policy. Eyewitnesses have reported at length those indescribable sessions, where China was treated as a Great Power, placed on the same footing as the old nations of Europe, although she was plunged in anarchy and still lingered in the civilization of a feudal age. Clever work!

Shrewd schemers as they were, the American representatives must have laughed in their sleeves when they heard their favorite disciple, Wellington Koo, China's chief delegate, enumerate his country's claims. This son of the old Celestial Empire, backed up by his powerful patrons, proved a grateful student of the country that had trained him. If China ever recovers her unity and puts Dr. Wellington Koo at the head of her Government, she unquestionably will be Americanized as by a mere wave of his wand. He is a gentleman who has 'lost his root,' to use a common phrase in his country. He has even Yankeefied his Chinese name, Koo Wei-Kwon, into its present form.

We can easily imagine how pliable he was in the hands of the shrewd politicians at Washington. The Japanese danger was impressed upon the Chinese for a political object. We do not know how real that danger is, but we are convinced that other greater perils threaten China.

The results of the Washington agreements were soon felt. Even while the Conference was in session the Chinese delegation adopted a rather impertinent air toward foreign delegates. When Wellington Koo returned to his country radiant with a halo of success, his Young China comrades received him as the country's emancipator from the Japanese and the herald of her elevation to the unquestioned status of a

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Great Power prepared to shake off all the shackles that the Western nations had imposed upon her. Amorphous as the nation is, its people detected at once that the Japanese were evacuating Shantung and shedding their former arrogance; that foreign post-offices were being closed and the customs duties were being raised. To the common people these were irrefutable evidences that their Government had won a victory over the 'foreign devils,' and their pride was correspondingly tickled.

From this state of mind it was but a step to contempt for the feebleness of foreigners. Antiforeign agitators plucked up courage; and we know what that means in China. After the Washington Conference the nation, already a chronic prey to anarchy, added to its ills a campaign against all strangers. Official circles have futilely tried to deny the existence of this agitation, by ascribing the recent troubles to banditry. We are reliably informed, however, that the whole antiforeign movement has its roots in the concessions made China at the Washington Conference.

During the past year outrages have multiplied. Missionaries and engineers have been kidnapped and ransomed in Honan, a convoy has been attacked in Manchuria, and last of all at Lincheng, in Shantung, a passenger train has been stopped by bandits and European travelers carried off into captivity. This last outrage stirred the Powers to action and they began to reverse their recent policy, when they saw liberty thus degenerating into licence.

Even resident Americans, who heretofore have been enthusiastic champions of 'Free China,' are finding the situation intolerable. The American Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai has telegraphed the Washington State Department that present conditions are undermining American prestige, and has urgently recommended revoking the privileges accorded China by the Washington agreements. Merchants at San Francisco and elsewhere have condemned 'the privileges that we have been so imprudent and ill-advised as to grant that country.' Let these people thus do penance for the agitation that their Bibles and their dollars have started in the 'Middle Kingdom.' But unhappily the Americans will not be the only victims of the new disorders. The French, the English, the Japanese, and the Italians are also 'foreign devils.'

American statesmen have therefore assumed a grave responsibility in China, and what is worse, they do not seem to realize what they have done. The foreign envoys sent a joint note to the Peking Cabinet protesting against the Lincheng incident, which the Ministry accepted after much quibbling, promising that China would indemnify the victims and punish the guilty. But there was no mention of foreign policing of the railways, which is the only effective way of preventing a repetition of such outrages. England advocated that, and France and Italy supported her with vigor. But the United States would not listen to such an encroachment upon the principle of Chinese sovereignty, as affirmed by the infallible Conference at Washington. Let strangers perish, let the railways of China go to rack and ruin, but respect our principles!

China is a country rapidly disintegrating, while her political and military chieftains intrigue and fight each other. She must have foreign advice, foreign financial aid, foreign moral support — in a word, real friends. Her pride and stupidity have delivered her into the hands of an enemy of Japan, which does not mean a friend of China. In a word, her present mentor has merely made confusion worse confounded, and that without cause or reason.

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ABOLISHING THE YELLOW STREAK

BY KU HUNG-MING

From the *North China Standard*
(Peking English-Language Pro-Japanese Daily)

At the time of the Revolution I wrote in a review of a book on the great Empress Dowager: 'The great misfortune of the Chinese is that they are not known. It is because the people of Europe and America do not know what we really are that they — in the words of the Empress Dowager — think "we are only Chinese and look down upon us."' This attitude of Europe and America is the real cause of the antiforeign feeling in China which exploded in the Boxer outbreak in 1900.

As the Boxer explosion was a revolt against foreigners for thinking we are only Chinese and looking down upon us, so the present Revolution is a revolt of the people against the Government for allowing foreigners to treat us like that. The present Revolution is not a revolt against a corrupt Government, but a revolt against the weakness of the Government. The real motive is not hatred of the Manchus. The motive which gives power — fanatical power — to the Revolution, is the intense feeling of humiliation at being looked down upon by foreigners. The fanatics of the 'New Learning' imagine that the reason why foreigners look down upon us is because we have the queue, and, because the Manchus are responsible for this badge of contempt to foreigners, these fanatics hate the Manchus and insist upon getting rid of everything Manchu in China. There is, as the clever Putnam Weale truly says, 'a world of pathos in the present queue-cutting Revolution.'

In fact, as the Boxer outbreak in 1900 was a fanatical explosion of hurt national pride, so the present Revolution is a fanatical outburst of national vanity. But here is where these fanatics will very soon find out their terrible mistake. Foreigners will not respect us more, will not cease to think we are only Chinese, simply because we have cut off our queues and put on European clothes. I am perfectly certain the people of Europe and America will respect us less when we cease to be Chinese and become merely imitation Europeans.

I repeat, the great object of the fanatic Republicans in China, in cutting off their queues, pulling down the Ta Ching Dynasty and setting up a Republic, is to get rid of the 'yellow streak.' But now the Lincheng Note has proved that these fanatic Republicans have failed to get rid of the yellow streak by the method they have adopted. For, although China has become a Republic in which the President wears a top hat and the Chinese Foreign Minister gives Waichiao-pu balls, yet, with all his New Learning, the most up-to-date Westernized Chinaman, Dr. Wellington Koo, in his immaculate European frock-coat and top hat, is still considered an 'immature conceited Oriental,' and, what is more, when this Dr. Wellington Koo wrote a most exquisite polite Note to the Diplomatic Corps, the only answer he got was 'No argument, but do what we tell you or beware!'

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In fact the Lincheng Note of the Diplomatic Corps is or should be an eye-opener to the demented educated class who now call themselves Republicans in China, that they have made a mistake in the method which they have adopted to get rid of the yellow streak. Cutting off queues, giving Waichiao-pu balls, making China a Republic, bribing Parliamentarians to elect a President, and illuminating Peking when the President is elected will not enable us to get rid of the yellow streak.

In one sense therefore, I think, this Lincheng Note of the Diplomatic Corps may do good. For it will, as I say, make the Republicans now in China see their mistake, or else the people in China will rise up to force them to see their error. Indeed this banditry in China is really a protest of the people to show that what the *real* people of China want is not a Republic, illumination of Peking, top hats and Waichiao-pu balls, but good government. For foreigners should know that the government of China is a despotism tempered, not by epigrams, not by paper constitutions and parliamentary votes, but by banditry.

But the foreigners who laugh at the Republic and inveigh and howl against the bribery and corruption of the Republicans, instead of sympathizing with the people of China when they are trying to put an end to this Republic with its bribery and corruption, now want to organize a foreign police force and send us battleships to put down this banditry, which, I repeat, is the only constitutional means which the people in China have to protest against a bad government.

The eventual result of this interference of foreigners with the people of China in their effort to put an end to this Republic with its bribery and corruption will be that, as at the time of the Boxer movement, the people will rise up not only against the Republic and the Republicans, but against all foreigners and everything foreign in China. Before the Boxer trouble, foreigners in China thought that Sir Robert Hart had lost his wits when he prophesied a terrible future outbreak. Now I want to tell foreigners that, unless the foreign Powers and foreigners change their policy toward China and the Chinese, a new Boxerdom is sure to come sooner or later, and when it does come it will be something compared with which the earthquake in Japan will be a very small affair.

But here foreigners will say to me, 'What then do you want us foreigners to do?' Well, Matthew Arnold said that if his countrymen got him into a committee room, the one advice he would give them would be Socrates's 'Know thyself.'

Professor Lowes Dickinson in his book, *Appearances*, says, 'The Englishman in China wanted the Chinaman to reform and become an Occidental or Western man, but when the Chinaman actually became an Occidental the Englishman, instead of admiring, gnashed his teeth at the awful result.' In other words, foreigners in China, with their New Learning, wanted China to be Westernized and the Chinaman to be, not an Oriental conservative Chinaman with his pigtail, but an Occidental of progress, liberty.

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Yet now, when the Chinaman has actually become an Occidental, an actual Republican, a modern democratic Republican of the up-to-date American type, with democracy, or shall I say *democrazy*, in his brain and a top hat on his head, foreigners are horrified to see that this change in the Chinaman has produced Tuchunates, bribery, corruption, civil war, and banditry. Or, to put the matter in still plainer language, foreigners have been

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telling the Chinese that, if they want to make progress, they must learn the modern political science of the Western nations; but now, when the Chinese have not only learned, but also actually adopted in the government of China, this modern political science, — with a Republic, corruption, bribery, and banditry as a result, — foreigners in China, instead of seeing their own mistake, raise a furious clamor; and the Diplomatic Corps sends China this stern Lincheng Note, threatening all sorts of things — threatening even to refuse to recognize the President of the Republic!

This, then, is what I mean when I say that foreigners themselves have made an awful mess of things in China. In fact this is the moral issue of the Lincheng Note, and, unless foreigners take the trouble to understand this moral issue, things in China will go from bad to worse, until a new Boxerdom comes, and when it does come, it will be something compared with which, I repeat, the earthquake in Japan will seem a very small affair.

The present queueless Republican Chinaman is a vampire, a 'Frankenstein,' whom foreigners themselves have created, and this Frankenstein, this awful vampire, is the Yellow Peril of the German Kaiser. And this vampire, the queueless Republican Chinaman, when he joins with the Russian Bolsheviki, as the Soviet Envoy, Karakhan, is trying to persuade him to do, will destroy not only the civilization of China, but the civilization of the whole world. Therefore, in the words of the German Kaiser I want to say here: 'Look to it, ye peoples of Europe, arise and save your most sacred possessions.'

It is the prevalence of dominant materialism among foreigners in China which makes it difficult and almost impossible for even the well-meaning and good men among them to take a just and fair view of questions of right and wrong between Chinese and foreigners, as we see in this Lincheng case. And what creates this arrogance of dominant materialism in the Western people is the yellow streak — the yellow streak which the foreigner in China sees in the half-naked shivering ricksha coolie waiting before his hotel. The half-naked coolie helps to deepen the yellow of the yellow streak of the Chinaman in the eyes of the foreigner who rides in his motor-car and sips costly cocktails in the Hôtel de Pekin.

Let me frankly say, however, that we Chinese are as much responsible for this yellow streak as the foreigners. For when foreigners first came to China we Chinese not only did not regret but were even proud of this yellow streak — in other words, we were proud and arrogant to be Chinese, and looked down upon strangers as uncivilized foreign devils. Indeed, after careful study I have come to the conclusion that our past wars with the other nations before the Boxer outbreak were caused as much by the arrogance of our mandarins as by the aggressiveness of foreigners. The arrogance of our old mandarins was the arrogance of the ancient Jews who said of the Romans, 'Those people are cursed, because they know not the Law.' In other words, as the arrogance of the foreigner, the treaty port gentleman in China, is the arrogance of dominant materialism — the arrogance of the snob — so the arrogance of our old mandarins was the arrogance of assumed moral superiority — the arrogance of the moral prig. In fact, the mandarins corresponded exactly to the class of people in England whom Matthew Arnold calls the Philistines.

Thus we see that it was this moral prig Philistinism of our mandarins

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which hindered real reform in China. The Manchus are the least antiforeign class in China. But, curiously, foreigners in China who wanted China to reform, instead of supporting the Manchus, looked up to and supported the 'Grand Old Man' of China, as they called him, Li Hung-chang, the typical representative of the mandarins, of the very class of men whose Philistinism was the real hindrance to any true reform in China.

Now this moral prig arrogance of the mandarins was not completely broken until after the Japanese War. Indeed the Japanese War was not a war between China and Japan, but a war between Japan and the mandarinate oligarchy. After the Japanese War, Li Hung-chang fell and the rule of the mandarinate came to an end. Then the 'literati' — the class of men whom I have called the educated gentlemen of China — came into power, and started what is now known as the first Reform Movement, by which China for the first time showed that she was willing to adopt what is best in the civilization of the Western nations, in order to improve, modify, and adjust her civilization so as to enter into the comity of nations.

Among the literati who took part in this Reform Movement — *quorum pars magna fui* — there were two classes of men: the true literati and the scribes or 'snob-literati.'

But this Reform Movement — by which the real educated gentlemen of China wanted, by adopting what was best in the civilization of the Western nations, to make China fit to enter into the comity of nations — was soon wrecked by the snob-literati, who also took part in it.

The snob-literati in China mistook for the real democracy which, since the break-up of the Feudal System, is in process of evolution in Europe and America, the *democrazy* of professional propagandists and yellow journalists.

In my book, *The Story of the Chinese Oxford Movement*, I said: —

> The terribly tragic aspect of the situation in China is that, while the Chinese nation are called upon to throw away their own civilization and adopt the civilization of modern Europe, there is not one single educated man in the whole Empire who has the most remote idea of what the modern European civilization really is. . . . The snob-literati wanted to Europeanize China by a single fiat of the Emperor. If the late Empress Dowager had not succeeded in taking the reins of government out of the hands of her nephew, and putting down the so-called Reformers with a strong hand, the world would have seen the Chinese nation behaving like a madman who breaks and smashes all the furniture in his house, substituting for these an imitation paper house with imitation paper furniture.

In order to help the Empress Dowager put down the dangerous mob of snob-literati, Viceroy Chang Chih-tung wrote his famous book called *Learn*, in which he admonished the educated classes in China that, if we Chinese must adopt some part of the European civilization, before doing so we must first 'learn' and find out what the real European civilization is. In fact, this famous book at once rallied the true literati, the real educated gentlemen in China, to the support of the Empress Dowager and helped her to put down with a strong hand the snob-literati.

When the Empress Dowager came out of her retirement to deliver the Emperor from the hands of the snob-literati in China, who wanted to throw away the civilization of China and put in its place an imitation paper civilization, foreigners went so far in their uncalled-for interference that it was even rumored that the Diplomatic Corps in Peking would refuse to recognize her. The result of this

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high-handed interference was that the people, the *real* people of China in the North, rose up, not only against the so-called reformers, but also against all foreigners and everything foreign in China. This was the tragedy of the Boxer uprising in 1900.

When the Empress Dowager returned to Peking after the Boxer uprising, she again took up the programme of the first Reform Movement, by which China sought to adjust her civilization so as to enter into the comity of nations. But the task of carrying out this programme now became more difficult, because meanwhile another class of men had risen, more dangerous than the old snob-literati.

They may be called *mob*-literati, and are recruited principally from the foreign-educated returned-student class. The old snob-literati were overeducated men, but this new class of mob-literati are superficially, half educated men. As the snob-literati mistook quack political science for true political science, so the mob-literati mistook for the real civilization of Europe the civilization of the foreigners in Shanghai. Kang Yu-wei was the typical representative of the snob-literati. Dr. Sun Yat-sen may be taken as the typical representative of the mob-literati.

It was the mob-literati who, taking advantage of the revolt of demoralized soldiery in Wuchang, started the Revolution of 1911. When the Revolution came, Viceroy Chang Chih-tung being dead, the Government of China was like an army without a chief-of-staff and staff officers. . . . In Li Hung-chang's time the mandarins were real mandarins, even though they were moral prig Philistines. But under Yuan Shih-kai the mandarins of the new oligarchy were not real mandarins, but what we Chinese call 'Rice Bowl' mandarins. As the mob-literati are recruited from foreign-educated returned students, so the Rice Bowl mandarins are recruited from the merchant and comprador class, men who become mandarins not by examination but by purchase. The real mandarin was proud, arrogant, and stupid, but the Rice Bowl mandarin is servile and combines stupidity with cunning. For, as Confucius says, 'in old times stupidity meant simple-mindedness, but to-day stupidity means cunning and deceit.'

As Li Hung-chang was the typical representative of the real mandarin, Yuan Shih-kai may be considered as a true Rice Bowl mandarin.

When the Revolution broke out in 1911, the Rice Bowl mandarins became panic-stricken, and, in order to save their rice bowls, threw away everything, their beautiful old costumes, their queues, their honor, and, with their honor, their Emperor; and surrendered to the Revolutionists, the returned-student mob-literati.

Why did the Rice Bowl mandarins make such a poor show and surrender? Because the foreigners in China were on the side of these mob-literati. It will be remembered that the foreign Chambers of Commerce, the treaty port gentlemen in Shanghai, who have the mistaken idea that the object for which God created the 400 millions of Chinese is for the British to trade upon, had actually the impudence to send a telegram to the Emperor of the Great Chinese Empire asking him to abdicate!

How is it possible that foreigners in China could act in a way which they would not dare, would not dream of doing in any other country? The answer can be given in the words of Anson Burlingame, at one time American Minister to China, who, writing in 1816, said, 'When I came to China, the policy advocated by the foreigners in China was: The Chinese

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are conceited barbarians and must be forced to adopt our civilization!' This is already the yellow streak, the moral issue, which we again see to-day in the Lincheng Note.

Now I have come to the main point of this article. Unless foreigners take the trouble to understand the moral issue which I have tried to explain — and in order to understand they must realize that we Chinese are not barbarians and will not adopt their civilization under compulsion — there can be no peace in China and the Far East; but, on the contrary, a terrible explosion will soon come, compared with which, I say a third time, the recent earthquake will seem a very small affair.

Last of all, I want to call upon the *gentlemen* among foreigners, especially British gentlemen, to help us, the few real educated gentlemen now in China, to save Chinese civilization from the mob-literati who want to destroy this civilization and to substitute for it the kind of democratic civilization advocated by the snobs in Shanghai. In order to do this, the gentlemen of the foreign community must first help put down the democracy of snobs, who clamor that the Chinese are 'conceited barbarians who must be forced to adopt their civilization,' and second, these educated gentlemen among foreigners must help convert the treaty port gentlemen into real gentlemen who will show the few real educated gentlemen now in China the same honor and respect they would show a real educated gentleman in their own country.

When the democracy of snobs among foreigners is put down, the returned-student mob-literati will become harmless, for it is their pathetic fear of 'loss of face' with the foreign snobs in China that makes these half-educated returned-student mob-literati, with their swelled heads and vanity, become fanatics seeking to destroy Chinese civilization. As for the Rice Bowl mandarins now in power in Peking, when they see that foreign gentlemen treat the real educated gentlemen in China with honor and respect, they will be sure to come to them, even to come and kotow to them, and help them organize the present chaotic government in China, so as not only to put down banditry, but to bring peace and order into this Great Flowery Land — in fact, to save the civilization of China, and, in saving the civilization of China, to save the civilization of the world.

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ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DISSOLVING EMPIRE

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

From *La Stampa, October* 26, 29, and *November* 2
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

This morning I bought six or seven Russian papers published here in Harbin, representing every political creed, from extreme Bolshevism to extreme Tsarism. I was surprised to see featured on the front page of each my alleged opinions of Soviet Russia. Partisans of the old régime discovered that I was convinced that the Bolshevist Government had but a few weeks to live, while Communist enthusiasts had learned that I regarded Russia as a new Garden of Eden. But all the accounts agreed on this: that Russia is a long way off, difficult of access, and it takes twelve days' railway travel to reach Harbin from Moscow and sixteen to reach it from Berlin.

My telephone was ringing constantly. People I had never met and never dreamed of meeting begged permission to call and sent me invitations. One of the latter I was quite ready to accept. It came from M. Ostroumov, Director-General of the Chinese-Eastern Railway.

Ten minutes in an automobile brought me to the Company's Administration Building. I was conducted to the Director-General's office. He wished to know if I thought Soviet Russia would take any measures to recover possession of the road. But, if M. Ostroumov does not know, how should I ? While we were conversing, servants in gorgeous liveries were continually coming and going, bringing dishes filled with sweets, pastries, and other refreshments. Here was the hospitality of Imperial Russia, with all its luxurious ostentation and exaggerated abundance.

The Director-General desired to show me something of the great railway-system of which Harbin is the centre. Imagining that this was only a conventional courtesy, I accepted. I had no idea that inside an hour a luxurious parlor-car, a dining-car, and a passenger engine with nickel trimmings shining like Christmas decorations would be waiting for me at the station, and that ten superintendents of various departments would be waiting in the parlor-car to answer my questions during the six hours' trip over the lines around the city, from one office to another, from the car shops to the foundry, from the docks along the swollen Sungari River to the sawmills. Naturally, while the train was moving during intervals between these visits, we sat at the dining-car tables, and if we still survived after our fourth lunch, it is doubtless because we felt we must at all costs see six magnificent express-trains that had been drawn out of the car-sheds and stationed on six parallel tracks for the visitor's edification.

These are the trains destined to run between Moscow and Harbin when Russia changes her Government, or the United States and Japan — if not the Manchurian Russians — change their policy. In fact, the Russians here do not show as much hostility to the Soviet Government as might be expected, either because they fear that the Chinese may become too insolent and try to oust them, or because they realize

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that the present abnormal and illogical situation in Harbin cannot be prolonged.

Indeed, the conditions here are unparalleled. This is probably the only place in the world where class- and race-lines universally recognized elsewhere have completely broken down. It has become customary to say in Manchuria and elsewhere in China that a town has so many Europeans, so many Chinese, and so many Russians, meaning that the last are living under conditions no better than the coolies. The only vital, efficient organization that supports the Russians in Manchuria — who number more than a million — is the railway. It is the highest ambition of every Russian to become connected with it, and it does give employment to a very large number of them.

All this has come after a period of complete decadence. In 1920 the Chinese Eastern Railway was in the worst conceivable condition. It is due largely to the energy and resourcefulness of its present manager and his associates that it has been rehabilitated, practically without financial assistance from outside. The system lives and prospers under a rigid pre-Revolutionary régime. Icons illuminated by candles are to be seen in every station. Imperial crowns remain on all the rolling stock, railway guards wear the uniform of the old Russian army, the flag of the Romanovs flies from every building. It was, indeed, a curious spectacle to see Karakhan, the envoy of Lenin, traveling in pomp through such a scene as this, in a train operated and guarded by White officials.

Harbin, like any other city only twenty-five years old, has not yet developed individuality. The European town is a gridiron of broad avenues bordered by tiny cottages in little gardens. The Chinese city, on the low banks of the Sungari River, and the Japanese city reproduce faithfully the town life of their respective nations. A Bolshevik described Harbin to me as an old-régime Russian city in the midst of a slum ten times its size. . . .

I cannot say that I really began to see China from Harbin; I saw rather the political chaos into which these uprooted yellow men have fallen. And I hasten to say that this chaos is by no means China, which is still as immobile as it has been throughout the ages. Three or four men flounder about in this ocean of humanity, raising considerable disturbance with their armies, which may total perhaps a million men, organized and armed more or less after the European model. But they do not bulk large in the vast landscape of China. Manchuria, indeed, is a military Babel where three armies are continually marching to and fro: the Russian forces along the railway; the Japanese, who have twenty thousand men garrisoned in Mukden; and the army of Chang Tso-lin, who aspires to become the President of the Republic.

Railway communication with Peking has been completely reëstablished. When I left Harbin, the Director-General of the railway offered me a special train as far as Changchun, where the Russian line ends, and it took me an hour to persuade him that I could not accept the courtesy. If I had done so, the Bolshevist newspapers would have considered me unmasked, and I should have been proclaimed a special envoy of Mussolini to organize the Russian Fascisti of Manchuria against the Chinese or against the Soviets. My refusal, however, did not prevent M. Ostroumov from filling my compartment with pots of magnificent flowers. When we reached Changchun, twelve hours' journey from Harbin, I assumed of course that the flowers were a mere temporary ornament, to go back with the train. By no means. They belonged to me, and the conduc-

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tor, in spite of my protests, consigned them to the tender mercies of a file of Chinese porters, who followed my luggage with six of these immense flowerpots, two containing palms, two, rosebushes in full flower, and two, chrysanthemums. I was the focus of all eyes, especially of a group of Japanese.

At Changchun, where the Japanese lines — which have a different gauge — continue, I found myself plunged into a torrential rain, which seemed to protest against the banner of the Rising Sun under whose folds I now found myself. My only means of communication with the people around me was an English-Japanese phrase-book. A big square with shade trees, asphalt pavements, red-masonry buildings, and the general saturation of the landscape, made me feel as if I had reached a city in Flanders. The luxurious railway waiting-room was adorned with posters advertising tourist-trips along the coast of Korea and through the Inland Sea.

A Japanese train is the height of originality and picturesqueness. Everything is on a small scale — seats, baggage-racks, and equipment in general — as well as graceful, artistic, and meticulously neat. The dining-car contained one low table down the centre, along which were arranged little stools that seemed made for children. Japanese and European food was served, as the traveler desired. Chopsticks and knives and forks were equally in vogue. The Nipponese-American menu was detestable in every sense of the word, but prices were exceedingly high. As a rule, a European pays twice as much as a native, unless he is able to protest in Chinese or Japanese.

The train was full of Japanese soldiers in faultless uniforms and Japanese ladies in graceful kimonos, with huge obi bows behind. They did not impress me as attractive when seen in numbers for the first time, especially when toddling along with their jerky, short-step walk. But what marvelous coiffures! . . . A petty officer in the seat ahead of me requested a light from the cigarette of the lady next to him; and the elaborate series of graceful little movements that he made in taking and returning the cigarette were a masterpiece of gallantry.

One of Chang Tso-lin's generals, who had been at Geneva and called himself 'a young Chinese,' of the kind educated in America and filled with admiration for Western things, wished me to admire his new uniform. So he opened a valise to show it to me. But as the heat was oppressive, he took off even the tunic he was wearing and sat in his silk shirt and trousers. He was young for a general, not more than thirty years old at most, and voluble in his eulogies of his chief, Chang Tso-lin, King of Manchuria, an absolute and independent sovereign of a realm stretching from Siberia to the Great Wall. He has twenty million subjects and their numbers are increasing rapidly on account of the heavy immigration from China to the rich Manchurian prairies, which can easily feed a population of forty or fifty million.

Chang Tso-lin makes his headquarters at Mukden, a city that has to-day a Chinese population of possibly seven hundred thousand, and twenty thousand Japanese, in addition to a full division of the Mikado's soldiers. 'It might seem,' the young general added, 'that Chang Tso-lin is merely a vassal of Japan. But that is not true. He is ruler of Manchuria of his own right, with an army of his own.'

I asked my informant if Chang Tso-lin's army, like those of the other Chinese military leaders now contending for power, is recruited from the brigands who formerly infested the territory. The general answered in the affirmative, and asked if there was any

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better way of abolishing brigandage than to incorporate the brigands in the army. Furthermore, these robbers and bandits are generally excellent fighters. They do not fear a display of arms like most Chinese, who severely condemn American films on account of the scenes of violence portrayed. The only difficulty is that the brigands are so numerous that the army cannot accommodate all of them. China has, perhaps, a million men under arms, or a larger number than any other country in the world. Whenever a robber band kidnaps a European, the members make their admission to the regular army a condition of his release. 'In fact,' concluded the general, 'we fight the brigands knowing that we are fighting friends whose chief ambition is to join our ranks.'

After conversing with the general I engaged in conversation with a Chinese lady, who said she spoke English and smoked a pipe a metre long. Her feet had not been bound. She told me that no children have their feet bound in China to-day except in a few old-fashioned aristocratic families. It is nearly thirty years since the custom was abandoned; and so, she said, a lady who now hobbles around on deformed feet confesses that she has long since passed the bloom of youth.

We reached Mukden in the evening. A great railway-station of reënforced cement, with a luxurious hotel adjoining it, received us. The price of a room was seventeen yen, or eight dollars and fifty cents. A scandal! A man should never come to Mukden for pleasure. Furthermore, the Japanese are past masters at robbing European visitors with exquisite courtesy — although they do not truly welcome us, especially in these half-Japanese territories of theirs.

But for my seventeen yen I had five tiny Japanese waiters and waitresses continually and silently moving about me like mechanical toys, and anticipating with almost magic tact my slightest wish.

I was particularly anxious to see Chang Tso-lin and to attend the reception he gave to the Soviet Ambassador, Karakhan. This function was a superlative affair, planned to last fifteen days at least, during which Chang Tso-lin kept open house for the guest and all his suite. Actually only five meals were served each day; but they were so protracted that they lasted altogether practically the full twenty-four hours.

Chang Tso-lin himself is a typical *vieux grognard*, though he is not yet fifty-five years old. He wears big spectacles and does not look like a typical Chinaman. In his Marshal's uniform — which he always wears — he reminded me of General Degoutte, the French commander in the Ruhr. I complimented him upon the appearance of his army, which looks like an efficient force. He inquired after the strength of our army and navy, and discussed Italy's relations with Russia. Indeed, he seemed intelligently familiar with European politics. We conversed through a Chinese-English interpreter.

I was conscious that the Marshal was in ill humor. In fact, a conspiracy against him, headed by his own son, had been discovered at Mukden that very day. Two of the conspirators had been shot an hour or two before. China is rushing headlong toward a new intervention of the Powers. This would have come before, had it not been for the United States, whose friendship for China goes to fantastic extremes.

I left Mukden in the morning — a fine city upon which the Japanese have already impressed definitely their national character, their order, their intelligence, and their feminine but solid civilization. I have never seen any-

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where more businesslike-looking soldiers than those of Japan. I expected to find little, unimposing fellows in misfit European uniforms. In place of that, they were well-built, robust young fellows with faultless uniforms and equipment, which they wore like part of themselves. While I was waiting at the railway-station for my train to Peking, a long Japanese military train arrived from Korea. In less than three minutes a thousand men were lined up on the platform with ranks as faultlessly dressed as if they had just marched out of their barracks.

The journey to Peking was not particularly interesting, because the flat alluvial country was hidden by drenching rain. At Tientsin the dreariness and the interminable mud got on my nerves. I left the train as little as possible. However, half an hour before reaching Peking a miracle occurred, which reconciled me with the former Empire of the Mings. The clouds rolled away, disclosing above us a sky of purest azure. Do I say azure? It was more like a great Chinese parasol of mother-of-pearl silk, suddenly opened above us.

KOREA, LAND OF CONTRASTS

BY DOCTOR H. LEVON

From *Neue Freie Presse, November* 18
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

A TRAVELER journeying up the Pingyang River to Chinampo in northwestern Korea cannot fail to be impressed by the brilliant green that clothes the neighboring heights. It seems unnaturally bright and glaring to a European. Farther upstream clay banks hold his eye with an equally intense yellow. The soil, the low mud huts, and the faces of the people all have this peculiar tone of yellow, and above them arches a sky of equally brilliant blue. In a word, Korea is a land of dazzling color-contrasts.

The few typical Korean paintings that I have seen are characterized, like the landscape, by a bold combining of complementary colors. Most of the paintings at the Museum at Seoul are of Chinese origin — gray, misty, impressionist. The fact is, the pictures of the Koreans show a temperament distinctly different from those of the Chinese and the Japanese.

Unhappily, Korea has produced little of artistic value. Korean monumental architecture is borrowed from the Chinese. The ash-gray native porcelains are decidedly inferior to those of China or Japan. The country's most characteristic product of a quasi-artistic character is its elaborately ornamented brass-bound chests.

Korea's rulers differed from most despots in caring little for art. For many centuries they oppressed with bloody rule, untempered by the slightest suggestion of royal refinement, a country isolated from the rest of the world. Since their overthrow, Japan has taken no trouble to revive the old native art. Articles made in Korea to-

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day represent borrowings from all parts of the world. The Japanese, with their tireless energy, are steadily replacing Korean culture with their own. An educated Korean remarked to me sadly: 'Our old native traditions are melting like snow under a hot sun. Every day something that was truly ours is taken from us forever. Soon we shall have only a vague remembrance of our vanished culture.'

The last Emperor lived in seclusion in his palace at Seoul, practically the prisoner of a Japanese 'guard of honor.' The beautiful audience-hall in the Northern Palace has been converted into a museum. I saw there a quiet courtyard, surrounded by a silent gallery, its pavement overgrown with grass. The low residential apartments that open upon it, which have witnessed so many tragedies, were deserted, except for a party of American tourists, carrying kodaks and guide-books, volubly excited because, less than thirty years ago, the Queen of Korea was assassinated here by her own son-in-law and her body was burned in this very courtyard.

The once famous walls of Seoul, which were copied from the Great Wall of China, are now in ruins, but the former city gates still stand isolated, like historic monuments. The native quarters, with their tiny mud huts and brown, overhanging, straw-thatched roofs, are in constant process of disintegration. To a person looking down on the city from the neighboring heights they look like little brown oases — clumps of toadstools lost in a sea of dark Japanese roofs, jerry-built American buildings, and Gothic churches. In the streets a visitor imagines he is in Japan. Tall, narrow American business-houses, Renaissance and baroque façades, and ugly little Japanese buildings stand side by side in tasteless disorder, much as they do in Tokyo, Yokohama, or Kobe. The Japanese have no true architecture of their own, but they are zealous — if unintelligent — borrowers of every form of alien architecture suggested to them. For instance, they are now erecting, directly in front of the old Imperial Palace in Seoul, a modern Government Building copied from the Palais de Justice in Brussels. It looks distressingly out of place in its quaint, restful surroundings.

But the Koreans themselves are the outstanding contrast to this modern background of automobiles, tramcars, and cosmopolitan street-life. They wander through the picture like beings from another world — tall, proud-looking men in native garb, pretty, timid women, and lively little brown children with short black hair, rosy cheeks, and tiny oblique eyes. They are a true Mongolian type, robust and powerful. The men have drooping moustaches and thin goatees. Their faces are brown, bony, and sharp-featured. They wear comical little stiff top-hats woven of horsehair, — so thin that one can see through them, — fastened under the chin by a black band, wide bright-yellow trousers, and roomy cloaks of an almost transparent fabric of nettle fibres. They invariably carry a thin, long pipe in their hands, and wear sandals shaped like Dutch wooden shoes. Indeed the latter are said to be patterned after the wooden shoes worn by the crew of the Dutch ship Sperwer, which was wrecked on the coast of Korea in the seventeenth century.

Korean women are decidedly the most attractive members of their sex in the Orient. Their vigorous physique betrays their Northern origin. They are much more natural and graceful in their movements than the doll-like Japanese women or the masculine Chinese women. Their white garments make it seem as if they were always

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wearing their Sunday best. I was constantly imagining they must be on their way to church. Their white, wide-skirted coats, made of a gauze-like fabric, stand out like crinolines.

The social position of women in Korea comes closer to servitude than in any other Oriental country. They marry without having previously seen their future husbands. They are taught that the greatest female virtues are silence, humility, and timidity.

But changing political and social conditions are making their influence felt, especially in the cities. It is not unusual to see Koreans in European garb. Most of these are the students or graduates of the numerous mission schools, for American missionaries are found everywhere, and the number of so-called Christians is steadily growing. Buddhism never got a deep foothold among the Koreans, who have a natural turn toward more spiritual faiths.

Schools have been established in all the villages, where the young generation is being educated after the Japanese model. One can easily foresee that those aggressive islanders will impose their character and civilization upon the passive and apathetic Koreans in a couple of generations. Moreover, Japanese are migrating to Korea in great numbers. Most of the cities have been rechristened. Seoul is called Keijo, Chemulpo is now Ninsen, Pingyang is Heijo, and Korea itself is Chosen.

Really the Japanese have already done a great deal for the country. They have ended its ruthless exploitation by the old Korean ruling classes. Highways and railways have been built, schools established, modern hospitals erected. Deforested country is being systematically replanted, nurseries and model farms are numerous.

Yet the country is still a long way from modern civilization. In the rural districts life is very primitive. Fields are tilled with prehistoric wooden ploughs, and the people live in tiny mud huts that are dirty and unsanitary, and afford little protection against the severe winters. During the summer the rainfall is very heavy and disastrous floods are common; whole villages are swept away and farms and forests are ruined. But the soil is naturally fertile and is well adapted for the cultivation of rice, soy beans, tobacco, and cotton. Earthquakes never occur, and typhoons are rare. With intelligent direction, the people may make their country exceedingly productive.

As soon as regular traffic is resumed on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, Korea will acquire new importance as a portal to Japan. Even now tourists often favor the overland route from Shanghai through Peking, Mukden, and Korea to the latter country. The railway journey from Mukden through Seoul to Fusan at the southeastern point of Korea takes thirty hours. The trains are equipped in the American fashion and are exceedingly comfortable. From Fusan to Shimonoseki in Japan there is a regular ten-hour express service by luxurious steamers. Comfortable, modern, and moderate-priced hotels are found along the route.

It is necessary to travel off the beaten paths, however, through the interior of the country, to appreciate the natural beauty of Korea. Its vividly colored landscape, its wild, barren mountain-summits, the rich vegetation of its valleys, the picturesque population, the primitive survivals of a civilization dating back to remote antiquity, combine to leave an indelible imprint on the visitor's memory.

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THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

BY AYLMER MAUDE

[*Interest is added to the present article by the fact that the writer is the principal English biographer of Tolstoi, has translated many of his works, and is otherwise a leading authority on Russian thought and literature.*]

From the *Empire Review, December*
(London Public-Affairs Monthly)

While the Tsardom existed we were constantly assured that it was the only possible government for Russia and that it would endure indefinitely. Stephen Graham, who had lived in Russia and married a Russian wife, wrote a series of successful books, a main theme of which was that the population of Russia was eighty-five per cent peasant, and that the chief characteristic of the Russian peasant was his devotion to his Church and his Tsar.

The contrary opinion, which I ventured to express in a book I wrote in 1904, where it was said that 'the existing form of autocracy seems to be on its last legs,' was regarded as a mere eccentricity. In 1917, however, events justified the prediction, and that fact encourages me to venture to express the opinions I hold on the position in Russia to-day.

Many Englishmen — of whom I am one — have visited that country since the Revolution. Most of them have returned saying that the present dictatorship is the only government possible for Russia; that for Russians rule by a big stick is necessary, and that the choice lies between the government they now have or none at all. H. G. Wells, for instance, one of our cleverest writers, visited Russia not very long ago and, after talking to Lenin and others, wrote just as Stephen Graham used to write in the days of the Tsardom. He admitted that the present government of Russia is a despotism, but intimated that it is the only possible government for that country and will endure.

I think he is mistaken. The writing on the wall, 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting,' seems too visible. I no more believe in the long continuance of the dictatorship of the proletariat than in 1904 I believed in the long continuance of the Tsardom.

It is admittedly difficult to guess the times or the seasons of the next big change; but we may draw some guidance from general considerations, such as the fact that violent revolutions usually run their course in from about ten to twenty years, and are then succeeded by something, differing no doubt from the previous régime, but still more unlike the revolutionary government. The troublous times in Russia, when there was no Tsar and general confusion prevailed, lasted from 1605 to 1612; the most violent English revolution lasted from 1646 to 1660; and the great French Revolution lasted from 1789 to the First Consulate of Bonaparte in 1799.

What happened in all these cases — and will, I think, happen in Russia — is that a long-established power reached such a state of decrepitude that it could no longer count on the support of

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any large section of its people and many were eager to overthrow it. The old régime crumbled, there was a period of confusion, people felt that any government was better than none; and a minority, better organized and more forceful than the other minorities, seized power, which, not resting on the considered will of the people, was obliged to maintain itself by violent means and by a suppression of public opinion. This violence made it more and more unpopular, until a day came when the people were ready to welcome anyone who would rid them of the despots they had learned to hate. This happens when a revolution has spent its force; which it begins to do as soon as those who seize power show their defects by themselves undertaking the difficult duties of government.

There is now in Russia strict governmental control of all news published. There is also a strict passport system, which enables the authorities to keep under observation everyone admitted to the country, and to expel them promptly if they are suspected of being unfriendly to Soviet rule. There are, perhaps, a couple of hundred thousand Communists who, if not all in the Government service, are all privileged and would lose their party membership and their privileges were they to slacken in zeal for the maintenance of the Soviet Government. These people serve as spies and informers on the rest of the population, with the result that men are afraid to tell their neighbors any public news that has not been approved by those in power. People are afraid even to believe what is told them, lest it should prove to be a trap to ensnare them into the hands of the Cheka, — under whatever change of name it may operate, — which is a twentieth-century Russian edition of the sixteenth-century Spanish Inquisition.

Even educated Russians living abroad, if they intend to return to Russia, find it advisable to be extremely circumspect in what they say or write about present-day conditions in Russia.

An eminent English journalist, well acquainted with Russia, was in Berlin recently and there met a young and talented Russian author with whom he had some conversation. The Russian said that, admittedly, many things in Russia are now very bad; the railways are in an ill state, the factories are not working satisfactorily, brick houses are falling into disrepair, and more and more wooden ones being pulled down for fuel. But he said that at least in Russia now one has complete liberty — it is the *freest* country in the world! There is no Tsar, no aristocracy, no capitalists, and its Government represents the interests of the workers!

A day or two later this gentleman turned up in great dejection, and on being asked what was the matter said that he was obliged to return to Moscow, and, as he knew it had been reported to the authorities that he had talked to some anti-Bolsheviki in Berlin, he did not know what would happen to him when he reached Moscow!

The man was in such terror that it hardly seemed suitable to remind him that there are countries where men may even speak to members of the opposition without risking arrest. What has happened in Russia is that many men have lost their conception of what liberty means. They have got rid of Tsar and capitalists, whom they have exchanged for dictators and officials; and, though their lives and property are in danger, and they are not allowed to express opinions of their own, they are so hypnotized by only being allowed to hear and read one side of the case that they really believe

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they have secured freedom such as no other country enjoys!

One is compelled to distrust information that is allowed to come from Russia, and one has to guess at the purpose underlying the official, semiofficial, and unofficial announcements that are published, and to wait till events show whether they have any substance.

Take a glaring illustration. Three years ago one of the main pieces of official information about Russia was that the Soviet Government had undertaken the electrification of Russian railways and industry. Lenin made speeches about it. Estimates, approved for the work, were published. The location of the main power-stations was given. The progress of the work was reported, and we were told when the first sections would be in operation.

Now that three years have passed, what about this electrification of Russian industry? Hardly a fiftieth part of it has been, or is being, undertaken. Moscow has electricity, but outside that district there is singularly little of it. Nobody speaks of the matter any more even in the Soviet papers. The announcement may have had some propaganda value, but it is difficult to credit that anyone ever believed that the project would really be carried out, and now everyone seems to have forgotten all about it! The Soviet Government may occasionally tell the truth to serve its own purposes, but the occasions on which it does so are infrequent. Indeed, the fact that an official Moscow message states anything rather raises a presumption against the statement being true.

What, then, do we know, since news unfavorable to the Soviet Government is not allowed to leave Russia, and one cannot believe the favorable news sent out?

We know certain important things that could not be hidden. We know that the ruble, which stood at ten to the pound, is now at some millions to the pound. We know that Lenin said that the depreciation of the currency was part of the Bolshevist policy for abolishing the capitalists, and that Russia would return to barter and do without money. We know also that the general experience of mankind has been confirmed. Barter has not been found a convenient way of doing business, and the Soviet Government is now much exercised about reintroducing a reliable currency and is finding this an exceedingly difficult task.

As to the land, we know that the private estates of the landlords, and most of the Crown estates, have passed to the peasantry, who refuse to accept Communism and retain the land they have seized. We know that under the old system Russia was the largest grain-exporting country in Europe, and, though it had a famine or two in each generation, it was, even in famine years, fairly well able to supply its needy districts from the surplus produced in other provinces. Now that the peasants have most of the land and the Communist Government controls the remainder, the production of foodstuffs has been reduced by one half, and we have seen famines of unparalleled severity, an almost total cessation of the export of grain, and no considerable surplus in any part of the enormous country.

Soviet reports announced that this year's harvest would be good and export would be resumed. There will probably be some export, for the Soviet Government is near the end of its resources and there are some things it must procure from abroad, but it is doubtful whether the workmen and peasants will have enough to eat. We must 'wait and see.' We shall not hear of distress unless and until it is too great to be concealed.

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One important matter about which there is no shadow of doubt is that Russia, which never enjoyed much liberty, has now lost what little liberty she formerly possessed. There is no freedom of speech, of the press, of public meeting, or of election, and there is much interference with religious liberty. In the days of Torquemada no one in Spain was safe or could expect to prosper in Church or State unless he held the Holy Catholic faith and was favorable to the Jesuit Order. The system that prevailed effected a stultification of thought sufficient to reduce Spain from the position of a first-rate to that of a fifth-rate power. The effect of the sterilization of thought, both in literature and on trade, was very marked. In all these respects the analogy between the Cheka of the Bolsheviki and the Catholic Inquisition is exceedingly close.

In each case you have a dogmatic belief that has to be unquestioningly held. In the one case it was the doctrines of the Catholic Church, in the other it is the economic doctrines of the class-struggle. In both cases you have a fanatical body of volunteers bound together in an organization from which it is dangerous to retire — the Jesuit Order in Spain and the Communist Party in Russia — and this body of volunteers serves as the tool of, and supplies the spies and propagandists for, an institution which controls the secular power and can inflict death without public trial and without even allowing its victims to prepare a defense. In Russia the result of the sterilization of thought by this system of terror shows itself not merely in the dwindling of trade, industry, and material prosperity, but strikingly also in the drying-up of that wonderful stream of Russian literature which in the days of Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevskii, and Tolstoi gave so much, not to Russia only, but to the whole world.

Russians who learned to sing, act, or dance under the old régime, and who have survived the Revolution, are still able to charm us; but what Russian art exists to-day is, with little exception, a survival from the past. The freedom of thought and spirit essential to the creation of anything fresh in art has been suppressed.

There are many Russians still alive who received their mental development in the comparatively free pre-Revolutionary days, but the extent of the calamity that has befallen them is not easily grasped. It is estimated that the population of the country since 1917 has diminished by fully 10,000,000, apart from the populations of the large provinces — Finland, Poland, and the Baltic States — which have cut themselves off from Bolshevist Russia. And the misery which has caused more than 10,000,000 surplus deaths has also drained the physical and mental energies of the rest of the population.

This, curiously enough, is one reason why the rule of Lenin and Trotskii endures. They govern a country so depressed, mentally and physically, that the extremist dictatorship hardly arouses visible opposition. Life seems so hopeless, and every effort to improve matters has so completely failed, that it appears useless to attempt to do more than stave off death for a while longer.

The effort made by the Zemstvos and the Constitutional Party under the Tsars bore within it the hope of greater liberty; but the Tsar, even after he had been forced to allow the creation of a Duma, refused to the very last to allow that Duma to appoint its own Ministry. So it came about that when he abdicated there was no Ministry, elected or approved by the peo-

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ple, ready to carry on the government. In the confusion that ensued, power was seized by a well-organized group which had only a small following, but which was led by an able man who mingled faith in his own modifications of the Marxian doctrine with readiness to make such temporary concessions as were necessary to avoid the immediate collapse of the régime he instituted.

This party had certain decided advantages. It had a clear-cut body of doctrine well adapted for propaganda purposes; it had existed as an organized body for at least fifteen years before the Revolution, and it had great experience in forming and swaying public opinion by clever manipulation. Its boldness was conspicuously shown by the fact that, throughout the war, it issued a defeatist journal from Switzerland, advocating the collapse of Russia. It earned its reward. At the critical moment of the Revolution it received some £2,500,000 from the German Government, wherewith, returning to Russia, this small body of determined men first disintegrated the Russian army by clever propaganda, destroyed the Eastern Front, and seated its leaders on the throne of the Tsars — a post they still occupy after nearly six years.

It is one of the most amazing achievements on record, but it should not cause us to forget the general lesson of history referred to on a previous page.

Russia is an enormous country possessing great undeveloped resources, inhabited by a white population to which we are indebted for a great literature and drama, for wonderful music, and the scientific achievements of Mendelyeev, Mechnikov, Pavlov, and other great scientists. In the realm in which the Russians seem least capable — that of practical politics — we have the fact that from 1864, when the Zemstvos were first instituted, they functioned on a fairly democratic electoral basis and produced many capable and honest workers who extended the bounds of freedom, secured the establishment of a Duma, and showed a capacity to deal with national politics which might have saved Russia from her calamities had it not been for the infatuated folly of the Tsar and the malevolent influence of the arch-scoundrel Rasputin.

To-day we are approaching a critical time. The dictators who rule Russia are nearing the end of the store of gold they took over from the former Russian Government. They have expended the proceeds of the property seized during the first years of their reign. Their system necessitates the employment of an enormous army of officials, estimated at something like one half the town population, and the productive capacity of the country — where hardly anything has been renewed since the present régime began — is running very low.

The result of the confiscation of property without compensation, and of the consequent loss of the directing, managerial, and technical skill of the foreigners who had instituted and guided much of Russia's industry, has been the impoverishment of the Russian people by a great shortage of manufactured, and especially of iron, goods. There is also an actual shortage of food, owing to the fact that what were the best-managed farms in Russia have been divided up and are now poorly cultivated, and owing also to a shortage of agricultural implements and of seed corn, and to a terrible diminution in live stock. For Russia to recover prosperity, and for its people to be properly fed and clothed, it is first of all necessary that they should be allowed to think, to speak freely, to make their wants known, and to be able to control their government.

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Since the election of the Constituent Assembly in 1917 — which was so predominantly anti-Bolshevist that it had to be suppressed the day it assembled — there have been no free elections of any importance in Russia.

Were the people allowed to express their needs, I think they would demand a return to the conditions under which the factories were fully at work, agricultural implements were manufactured in Russia and also came from abroad in large quantities, the railway equipment was regularly renewed, and mines which are now closed were operated. That means that to reëstablish the welfare of Russia, even up to the poor level reached under the Tsars, what is first of all needed is a renewal of that inflow of machinery, equipment, and technical and managerial skill, from Germany, England, France, Switzerland, Belgium, and the U.S.A., by which the factories, railways, and navigable ways of Russia were built up in the past.

To obtain that renewal of assistance from the Western world, trade agreements with, or *de jure* recognition of, the Soviet Government would not avail. What is needed is that the Russian Government should, both formally and actually, recognize the advantages of honest dealing. They have kept the railways and factories, but have sent men away penniless who had helped to build and operate them. Now they want the railways and factories reconstructed. Well, they are not likely to get that done unless they are prepared to acknowledge their obligations to those who supplied the money, the material, and the technical skill, for the construction of what the State has taken over.

The choice lies between the maintenance of a dictatorship which has very greatly injured the country materially and spiritually, and does not dare allow a free press, free speech, and free election, or the elimination of that dictatorship, and a return to such a measure of freedom, at least, as Russia enjoyed before the suppression of the Zemstvos, the Duma, and the Constituent Assembly.

When there was a Tsar in Russia I belonged to an association called The Friends of Russian Freedom, which aimed at acting in relation to the Russian constitutional movement as various English associations had acted in connection with the efforts of Mazzini and Garibaldi to obtain freedom in Italy.

I should be glad to-day to join a Society of Friends of Russian Freedom if such an association existed, for never in our time has so great a question hung so precariously in the balance, or have so many people so urgently needed the sympathy and the aid of all who wish, not merely that the millions of Russian peasants and workmen should be adequately clothed and fed, but that that great country should be enabled to achieve at least such a measure of political and religious freedom as we ourselves have enjoyed for two hundred and fifty years past.

Liberty, honesty, and prosperity are in the one scale; dictatorship, confiscation, and misery are in the other.

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IN THE BASQUE COUNTRY

From the *Times, November 23*
(London Conservative Daily)

From the little town near the Spanish frontier to the mountain village still nearer, between which the motor diligence runs, is not more than thirty kilometres; but for the diligence a double journey is a whole day's work — and no extravagant time at that when you know what has to be done by the way.

The owner-driver is a sturdy Basque. His car has no particular name, and he did not choose it for its good looks. It is a gray lorry fitted with wooden seats under cover and four front places in the open air, arranged so that they do not interfere with the man at the wheel. In all, twenty passengers can be carried, besides the cargo. Between eight and eight-thirty in the morning the diligence waits at the station for passengers and parcels. To get the front seats it is well to be early. They do not allow much room for the legs, but there are many compensations — the view, conversation with the driver, and a fuller knowledge of what it means to run a diligence.

An old peasant woman arrives with a voluminous bundle and an umbrella as big as a small tent. She is joined by a man with a face like Pan, who is going to restore a gravestone in a village churchyard and has with him his tools and a large bag of plaster. The peasant woman talks only Basque, and the man — who comes from Spain — speaks broken French, but they keep up a brisk conversation. A butcher's boy strolls up whistling, to throw a joint of meat insecurely wrapped in a bit of paper on the seat of the driver, and departs. A neat Basque maiden, with bright dark challenging eyes and feet tricked out in green stockings under yellow sabots, flings a cardboard box loosely bound with string, into which two umbrellas have been thrust, on top of the meat and trips away.

An ice cart arrives and four great bags of ice are unloaded somewhere round about the bonnet. A case of soda water is thrust under the body of the car, and inside, mixed up with the passengers, whose number has grown to ten, are baskets full of live pigeons, trunks tied round with rope, sacks of corn, yards of bread, and paper parcels of every conceivable shape and size. Finally, two fishwives arrive with large round baskets of fresh sardines, which they put on the running-boards, and take two of the front seats. They are pretty, dark-eyed young women, well dressed and neatly shod, with bare heads and hair dressed in the latest fashion. They carry the fish-baskets on their heads and call their wares as they go. Winter and summer, three times a week, they take the diligence to the mountains and serve the scattered villages with fish. They walk about twenty kilometres in the day and always come back with empty baskets. 'Sometimes we do well; sometimes we lose money. It does not do, you know, to get rich too quickly or too easily,' one of them said with a touch of ironical merriment peculiarly Basque.

The driver is busy about many matters in the town while his car is loading, but when he comes back to it he straightens out parcels and passengers to his own satisfaction. Sometimes he is puzzled to know from whom the parcels come and to whom they are to go, since they have no labels, but more

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often he 'knows all about it' without any telling. To collect stray passengers at the last moment he uses his motor-hooter vigorously, and from all corners people come flying to their seats calling last good-byes, waving hands, blowing kisses as though they were leaving forever and not for the day only. '*Dépêchez-vous*, madame, or I leave you behind,' calls the driver, and '*Eh, là bas!* are you coming or not?' There is Napoleonic decision about the little man, and his passengers respect it. '*Un bon garçon*, but he will not wait.' *Tant pis* for them if they miss their bus.

On the winding road which leads to the mountains from the town the diligence meets long lines of carts drawn by bullock teams coming to market. Riding in spring carts drawn by long-tailed ponies bred in the upper solitudes of the mountains, mules, and donkeys, are the farmers' wives with butter, eggs, cheese, and flowers. The driver of the diligence knows them all, and exchanges greetings as they pass. On the way up he wishes them good luck at the market; on the way down in the evening he asks how they have fared.

It is on the homeward journey that he has difficulty in getting past a market cart going toward the town when all the others are going to the mountains. He shakes his head and nudges a passenger with his elbow. '*Le chauve-souris*,' he explains. 'He won't go to market in the daytime, he goes in the evening when all the others are going home to bed. He is "original," you see.' And he taps his brow meaningly. 'But he sells his produce all the same. A little mad, but a good business-man.'

At every crossroad the driver either catches letters as he passes without stopping or pulls up to deliver them, for he is also the postman. In the villages he collects passengers or hands out parcels. Whenever there is time the fishwives slip off with their baskets and cry in long musical notes, '*Sardines frais, sardines frais!*' They have to 'look slippy,' as they put it in French, for the diligence does not wait when the business is done.

Now and then there is some excitement and an unofficial stop. The ice is inclined to decamp or a bottle of oil without a cork falls over. To please a passenger the driver will pull up at what he thinks is the finest point of view so that a photograph may be taken, and he is flattered when the camera is turned on him and his diligence. He is Basque heart and soul and grows eloquent about the scenery, so wild, so solemn on the mountain heights, so smiling and intimate in the valleys. The gardens are full of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, the meadows yield three crops of hay in the season, and in among the maize grow, first, haricot beans, then turnips.

You may learn if you will who lives in the gleaming white houses with the brown beams and old stone name-plates, for driver and fishwives are willing to talk. They will tell you that the Basque country is the most beautiful corner of all France; that life is easy for everyone there; that there is no poverty at all, and that the workman lives as comfortably as the man of leisure; that the Basques have large families and their sons and daughters emigrate, but only to make money and bring it back to their own village, where they spend it on the land they love.

When they are tired of talking they sing old Basque folk-songs with a lively lilt in every air. The mountains are folded in a purple robe, the evening star comes out, and from the shore, as the diligence nears the town, comes the long swish of the Atlantic breakers. The moon appears.

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MR. FRANKLYN'S ADVENTURE

BY JAMES MURRAY ALLISON

From the *London Mercury, November*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

'I PERSONALLY have been through an experience so odd, so unusual, and so extraordinary that I find it difficult to make my friends believe it.'

Half a dozen men were smoking and talking late at night in the cardroom of a great liner. There was a retired Admiral who told wonderful tales of the sea, a poet known to two continents, a Cambridge Don, a 'Black and Tan' on leave from Ireland, myself, and Mr. Franklyn. Mr. Franklyn had been a listener during the evening, and his contribution came about midnight. He was a little man, with a shiny bald head. He spoke very slowly and very deliberately, and emphasized his points by wagging his forefinger. He told me afterward that he was second accountant to a firm of grain merchants in Cardiff.

He started his tale with the sentence I have quoted above, and went on: 'It happened in 1916 — during the war, you know. It was either late in June or early in July — I 've forgotten the actual day. It may have been in June, or, as I say, in July: I am not sure. It does n't matter very much really, but I fix the time there or thereabouts because I had occasion to come to London on business, very delicate and intricate business, the details of which I will not trouble you with to-night.

'I was staying at the Strand Palace Hotel, where, believe me, gentlemen, they do you very handsomely. You get a bedroom, quite nicely furnished. There was a picture, I remember, of Marcus Stone's on the wall of the bedroom. I 've forgotten the title of the picture, but I can even now see the composition. There was a rustic seat on the left, and on the seat there was a young lady — quite young, about twenty or nineteen, or perhaps twenty-one. She was sitting on the seat — the rustic seat — dressed in some light material — muslin, or something that looked like muslin — reading a letter, obviously a love letter, because on the right of the picture, peeping round a big tree — an elm, I think, or an oak, I 've forgotten which — there was a youngish man. He had top boots on — Wellingtons, you know — and he was looking in her direction, probably *at* her. Anyway, it was plain that the letter that she was reading was from him.

'Well, you get a bedroom and breakfast — an egg, or a bit of fish, or a rasher of bacon, a cup of tea, or coffee — though I may say that I do not believe in drinking coffee for breakfast. I mean I would n't have it stopped — coffee-drinking, I mean — but I do hold that coffee is a drink that should come after lunch, or after dinner, but never, never at breakfast. However, that is my own private view about it. I would not force it upon other people.

'They bring the breakfast up on a tray — not a wooden tray. It is of metal of some description, probably iron, though I 'm inclined to think it was tin. They have painted flowers on them, not at all badly painted flowers; as a matter of fact, quite nicely painted. I should say they were daisies or pan-

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sies or even roses, sometimes a combination of all three, though I have seen —

'Anyway, you get the room — the bedroom with the picture — and the breakfast and a bathroom in the same corridor as the bedroom for six shillings. You did then; it may be a little higher now, but in those days it was six shillings. I can vouch for that, because I stayed there for three days, and my bill was eighteen shillings exactly. You may quote me as to that.'

At this point the retired Admiral, who had been glaring at Franklyn, said, 'And then, sir —'

'Now,' said Franklyn, 'I 'm coming to the real story. A friend of mine from Leeds, who, I don't mind telling you, is the chief letter-sorter at one of the Leeds post offices, asked me to lunch at the Victoria Hotel in Northumberland Avenue. It was either the Victoria or the Metropole or the Grand. It was one of the three, I 'm not quite sure which, because the experience of the day was so strange that I cannot now recollect what hotel it was that we actually did have luncheon at on that day. But this I do know, for reasons which I shall presently state, it was in Northumberland Avenue. Call it the Victoria, or if you like the Grand, or even the Metropole, though on the whole I rather think we had better call it the Victoria — but really it does n't matter very much so far as this story is concerned.

'Well, I got the letter — the letter from my Leeds friend — inviting me to lunch. There was nothing very remarkable about the letter. It ran something like this: —

'My dear Franklyn,

'I shall be in London on Tuesday next, and as I hear that you will be in town on that day, I should like you to have lunch with me at the Blank Hotel at 1.15.

'I was delighted to accept my friend's invitation, and I wrote him to that effect — a post card I think it was, but no matter. I will not weary you with the details of how I spent the morning; that has nothing to do with this story; but at 12.45 I came into the Strand Palace Hotel for a wash and a brush up. I remember going up to my bedroom and ringing for a maid, who very kindly brought me a jug of hot water, and I remember looking round the room — a sort of final look round, you know — and just as I was leaving I noticed on the mantelpiece a red pencil. It was either a two-H or a three-H, I am not now certain. But of this I am certain; it was an H — *not* a B. And I 'll tell you why I 'm certain. The B pencils are much blacker and very much softer than the H's. The H is a hard pencil — you know, metallic. Accountants use H's; artists use B's. A cousin of mine is an artist, and he uses B's, *always*. But I use H's — not one-H's, but two- or even three-H's. The more H's the harder. And another thing, the H's don't smudge like B's do. You can't have ledgers all smudged up, you know. So that 's why accountants use H's.

'Did I tell you that the pencil was red? That is important. It was red. A kind of scarlet — very red. You must get that firmly fixed in your mind; otherwise you will miss the whole point of the story. The pencil was red. By the way, the pencil was n't round. It had sides to it — six or eight. I 've forgotten the number, but probably six. Incidentally, I can't understand people who go about using round pencils, especially accountants. I like 'em with sides on 'em, and this pencil had sides. I don't think it was a Koh-i-noor, nor a Venus; it might have been a Hardtmuth; I cannot now recall. It had "Graphite" on it in gold letters — capital letters. I 'm sure of that, because I remember saying to myself, "Graphite" — it sounded to me like

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"Dynamite" — you know, the stuff that explodes — dynamite.

'Anyway, the pencil was on the mantelpiece, and I put it into my top waistcoat pocket, and for this reason: I always make notes, always. You never know, you know; so I personally always make notes. I make notes in notebooks or on old envelopes. I often cut the sides of envelopes and spread them out to make notes on, though I will say this: it is very awkward to make long notes on the insides of envelopes, because of the gummed parts. The pencil always slips up along the edge, and sometimes the notes are difficult to read. On this occasion, however, it did n't matter; I did n't make any notes at all; and for this reason — I lost the pencil!

'That is exactly what happened. I lost the pencil. I remember distinctly putting the pencil into my top right-hand waistcoat pocket; I remember it distinctly — there is no question or doubt about that. When I left the Strand Palace Hotel the red pencil, two- or three-H's, not round, but with sides to it, with "Graphite" in gold letters, capital letters, stamped upon its end, was in my top right-hand waistcoat pocket. There is, I think, no necessity for me to stress this point, because you will shortly discover from what followed that it must have been there, unless we live in an age of miracles. The theory has been advanced, by the way, that what happened on that day *was* actually a miracle. My friend from Leeds — the letter-sorter — is convinced that it was a miracle, but the evidence is such that, barring my forgetfulness in the matter of the actual name of the pencil and the number of H's, there can be nothing miraculous about what followed. I should not describe the thing as a coincidence — that would scarcely do. I simply call it odd, unusual, out of the way, if you like, but not miraculous.

'The facts are plain. I put the pencil into my top right-hand waistcoat pocket before leaving the Strand Palace Hotel to go to lunch with a friend — the letter-sorter from Leeds — at the Victoria — call it the Victoria; it is no use going into all that again — Hotel in Northumberland Avenue. It was just about one. The clock at the Law Courts, near the church that Claude Duval hid at after his affair with Nell Gwynne at Simpson's, was under repair, so I can't guarantee the exact time; but it was one, or about one — not very much later, because I turned up at the hotel at about five past one, and waited for my friend in the vestibule. I did n't know then that I 'd lost the pencil — I found out later.'

Franklyn was now very solemnly wagging a forefinger and tapping the edge of the table to emphasize his points.

'Presently, at a quarter past one, in came my friend from Leeds. We went into the dining-room, and sat down at a small table. Now I don't mind saying that I 'm very fond of radishes, and I may say that I made a fairly handsome onslaught on a selection of that dish that the waiter — a dark-looking fellow, probably an Italian, although you never know, he might have been French or Spanish — placed before us. I always eat them with mustard: I am aware that many people prefer pepper and salt, but I like mustard — with radishes I mean. And I 'll tell you another thing that I like with mustard — mutton.

'Well, my friend, who, by the way, is a very witty man, did n't take any of the sardines, shredded tomatoes, potato salad, pickled cabbage, or indeed any of the hors d'œuvres. He had ordered fish, I think turbot, but I am not sure; it might have been salmon, but I don't think it was. But whatever it was, it became evident from his manner that he was becoming a little impatient.

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'He leaned across the table and said to me, "Fairbairn" — that 's my Christian name — "Fairbairn," he said — he was obviously hungry — "Fairbairn," he said, "*When they say 'treacle' I shall say 'lick.'*"

'I burst out laughing, burst out laughing — I remember the tears rolling down my cheeks. Then I said, "That 's good, very good," and I remember saying distinctly, "I must make a note of that." That is what I said. I said I would make a note of it. I felt for my pencil — the pencil that I 've already described to you, the red pencil, the pencil that should have been in my top right-hand waistcoat pocket. It was gone! Believe me, or believe me not, gentlemen, the pencil was not there. It had disappeared! It was gone — lost! I 'd lost the pencil! There can be no doubt about the pencil being in my pocket when I left the Strand Palace Hotel. That I shall shortly prove. There is no question about that. The pencil was in my pocket at one o'clock or thereabouts, but at one-twenty the pencil was not in my pocket. There is no room for discussion on that. The pencil was — shall I say? — "*non est.*"

'Now here comes the strange part of my story. We chatted over lunch. I 've forgotten what we talked about. In the circumstances it is not to be wondered at. I must confess that the loss of the pencil had upset me, though I hope that my friend did n't notice it. But it had. I admit it was a trifling matter, but it was odd. I repeat again that there is no confusion about the pencil being in my pocket — none whatever — it certainly was odd. The whole thing is clear *now*, as you will admit presently, but then it was not so; quite the contrary. Then it was difficult, impossible, to explain. However, we got through lunch somehow, and I hope that there was not in my manner any hint of the loss I had sustained. I think I may say that I kept my end up. It was not till afterward that I told my friend from Leeds about the loss of the pencil. I wrote to him the next day. I shall never forget his answer.

'It was a long letter. My friend is a fancier of pouter pigeons. As a matter of fact, his Blue Metal Rocky "Gertrude" took the first prize three years running at the Leeds Poultry Show, though why people show pigeons among fowls — Well, he wrote me at some length about pouters, and referred to my letter to him — the one I sent him about the loss and recovery of the pencil — and I shall never forget what he said about it. He said, "My dear Fairbairn, the recovery of the pencil is little short of a miracle." That is what he said. I 've got the letter at home in Cardiff, and any time you like you can come and see it. Read it — read it for yourselves. I live about a mile and a half from the Cardiff Town Hall, one of the handsomest buildings in the West of England. You get the tram at the corner of High Street, where the tobacconist's shop is. You get the tram — you can't make a mistake; there 's a wooden Indian outside the shop — you get the tram there, and in about twenty minutes you are at "The Eagle's Nest." That 's the name of my house, "The Eagle's Nest." I 've got the letter in a filing-cabinet just outside the living-room in the hall. It is stained oak — the cabinet, I mean. And that is what he says in the letter. "My dear Fairbairn," — my Christian name, — he says, "the recovery of the pencil is little short of a miracle." That is what he said.'

By this time the audience had been reduced to pulp. It was the poet who helped us out. He said politely, 'How did you eventually discover the missing pencil?'

'That,' said Mr. Franklyn, 'is the

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whole point of my story. I left my friend from Leeds, whose letter in response to mine I still possess, as I 've told you, and any time you may — but I 'll not go over that again — I left him at the end of Northumberland Avenue; not the end near the National Liberal Club; the other end, where that fellow is — now what is his name? Everybody knows it. God bless my soul, I 'll forget my own name one of these days! What *is* that fellow's name?'

'Do you mean Phillips, the nautical-instrument maker?' said the Admiral.

'No, no,' said Franklyn. 'He 's much more important. It 's — it 's —'

'I know,' said the poet. 'It 's Jameson's, the bookshop.'

'Don't be a damn fool,' said Franklyn. 'The man I mean is in Trafalgar Square — actually in the Square. Everybody knows him.'

'I know,' said I. 'Hepple, the chemist.'

Franklyn got quite angry. 'No, not Hepple. He does n't keep a shop, the man I mean. He 's up on a pedestal, a column. Now what *is* his name?'

Said the Admiral, faintly, 'You don't refer to Nelson?'

'Yes,' said Franklyn. 'That 's the chap! That 's the end of Northumberland Avenue, where he is, that I parted from my friend from Leeds. The nature of our parting is not important. I left him on the corner and walked back to the Strand Palace Hotel. I walked upon the left-hand side of the Strand, past the Post Office, past Horne Brothers' shop, past the A.B.C., past Lyons's, past Dunn, the hatter, where the medical statues are, though I cannot see why the *Daily Express* made such a fuss about them, and past the Adelphi Theatre. There was a play on. I cannot remember now what it was, but it is of no importance. Now, here 's the point.

'When I got to Romano's — a restaurant facing the Cecil Hotel — I happened to glance quite casually into the gutter, and I noticed a gleam of red — in the gutter. I paused. I, as a matter of fact, stopped. I looked; I stooped down; and what do you think, gentlemen, I discovered lying in the gutter outside Romano's Restaurant? My pencil! My red pencil — the very pencil that I have been telling you about! There it was; lying in the gutter outside Romano's Restaurant — in the gutter. My pencil; there it was. It must have slipped from my pocket when passing an hour or two previously. As I say, it must have slipped from my pocket.

'I have often thought about it, about the whole thing. I can find no other explanation. The pencil, my red pencil, that I took from the mantelpiece in my bedroom at the Strand Palace Hotel just before I left to take lunch with my friend from Leeds, and with which, you will remember, I meant to take notes; the H pencil (two- or three-H's), with six or eight sides to it, and stamped with the word "Graphite" in gold letters. The pencil had obviously fallen from my pocket and rolled out into the gutter — rolled into the gutter, from my pocket, when I was walking to lunch. I shall never forget it.

'There is only one explanation: the pencil must have fallen from my pocket. Just that. I must have dropped it. There cannot be any other explanation.'

There was a long silence. The Admiral was looking at Mr. Franklyn with a very peculiar expression upon his face. He was, I think, making up his mind to say something. What it was I do not know, because Franklyn said with an air of finality, 'Well, gentlemen, that 's my story. I tell you the facts, I add nothing, I subtract nothing. I have elaborated no incident of that day's adventure. I 've told you the thing exactly as it happened to me. What do you think of it?' Nobody told him.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE FOUR WINDS

BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

[*To-day*]

When the wind's in the North
The hilltops are white,
The waters know wrath,
And Love is a Might
When the wind's in the North.

When the wind's in the East,
The hillsides are gray,
To the greatest and least
Love showeth the way
When the wind's in the East.

When the wind's in the West,
And the hill-trees are blown,
Love knoweth his quest
Among spirits that groan
When the wind's in the West.

When the wind's in the South,
The flower-covered hills
Have no fear of drouth,
For Love guides the rills
When the wind's in the South.

When the winds are asleep
And the stars are pine-caught,
Love and I keep
The brave secrets we sought.
Whist! the winds are asleep.

THE FLY

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

[*Songs of Childhood*]

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear!
A rosebud like a feather bed,
Its prickle like a spear;

A dewdrop like a looking-glass;
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard-seed
As fierce as coals of fire;

A loaf of bread a lofty hill;
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.

TO A LADY

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*To-Day*]

Since you have turned unkind,
Then let the truth be known:
We poets give our praise
To any weed or stone,
Or sulking bird that in
The cold, sharp wind is dumb;
To this, or that, or you —
Whatever's first to come.

You came my way the first,
When the life-force in my blood —
Coming from none knows where —
Had reached its highest flood;
A time when any thing,
No matter old or new,
Could bring my song to birth —
Sticks, bones, or rags, or you!

THE CHANGING HEART

BY CHARLES GRAVES

[*Spectator*]

My thoughts fly to you like the clouds
Or like their shadows on the ground,
Yet, cloudlike still, my mind enshrouds
And dims the form its swiftness found.

And many times my thoughts have raced
From Arden or the fields of war,
From where the sleek and brazen-faced
Pale gods of Buddh and Nippon are.

Art thou a woman, less or more,
Or goddess of some ancient clan,
Such as in sleep the Rhymer saw
And loved and followed for a span?

None art thou and yet all of these
That hast at will the enchanter's art
To take the moment's shape to please
And enter so the changing heart.

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SOME NEW GERMAN PLAYS

THIS is distinctly *Der Tag* for the German dramatist, Georg Kaiser. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre has just finished an extremely successful English adaptation of his play, *Gas*, while his *Folk-piece, 1923*, at the Lustspielhaus, is hailed as the first play worth mentioning that has appeared in Berlin for months. *Gas* is a 'satire, keen and critical,' of the expressionist sort, in which ideas, forces, and tendencies are personified in the guise of human beings — the old trick of the morality plays — with names which are purposely kept indefinite, so as to avoid characterization. The persons of the play are called the 'Gentleman in White,' the 'First Gentleman in Black,' the 'Billionaire's Son,' and so on. All, with the exception of the Gentleman in White, are costumed in conventional modern dress.

The story of the play is merely a vehicle for satire on contemporary civilization. The Billionaire's Son becomes owner of a vast factory for the manufacture of a gas which supplies the civilized world with its motive power. The Gentleman in White enters to point out that the formula for the gas is showing signs of failure. The formula has been tested and found correct, but nevertheless the danger sign appears in a gauge. Eventually there is an explosion. The factory is in ruins and thousands of men have fallen victims. The Billionaire's Son, the owner, decides that the factory shall not be rebuilt, but the workmen and the Gentleman in Black — the latter representing finance — insist on rebuilding and going on with the manufacture of the gas. The Billionaire's Son declares that what is needed is a new formula for the gas, but the engineer responsible for the formula declares that the old method is all right.

The two men are perfectly obvious symbols, one of the tendencies that look toward that new world which all of us once hoped for, and the other of a return to the way of life before the war. A wildly excited mob chooses between the two leaders and of course selects the engineer who will lead them back to the old ways and to eventual destruction.

The *Folk-piece, 1923*, deals with a pawnbroker who, rummaging about through the pockets of a coat left in his hands, finds a love letter addressed to a lady known as 'Lou' — although Herr Kaiser probably never heard of Mr. Robert W. Service. Lou has threatened to commit suicide unless she hears from the writer, who — with a carelessness that seems highly culpable — has forgotten to post his letter. The pawnbroker is horrified at the thought that Lou may carry out her threat. He dons the garments left in his charge — a criminal offense — and falls into the hands of the owner of the clothes in which he is masquerading, who delivers the unfortunate pawnbroker to the police. He commits suicide in the fashion so popular with modern dramatists — the reason why is a little foggy — while Lou marries a young bourgeois; and the young man whose letter the pawnbroker discovered founds a film company.

It is all very grotesque, but not without possibilities in the skilled hands into which it has fallen. The stage settings are in the hands of Georg

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Gross, one of the leaders in German black-and-white art — a savage Communist and antimilitarist. His hatred of the plutocracy leads him into a rather brutal disregard of the reticences of polite society, but his work, though disconcerting to the fastidious, is firmly held in hand by the stage-manager, and is making him one of the most sought-after scenic artists of the day.

Meanwhile Fritz von Unruh, another German dramatist, who was an officer of Uhlans during the war, has had a first production of his new play, *Rosengarten*, at the Hessisches Landestheater in Darmstadt.

His new play is a kind of prelude to the third part of his Trilogy, of which the first two parts, *Das Geschlecht* and *Platz*, have already appeared on the stage. Unlike Kaiser, Unruh dips back into the past to discuss the problems of the present. A poet, Reinmar Dietrich, is living in Florence, where he receives a deputation from the Order of Saint John, led by a Prince Wilhelm, who inform him that he has been condemned to death by the Order because of the pacifistic tendencies of his books and verses. The poet is rescued just in time by a stroke of the Prince's sabre, which severs the cord by which he is to die. The Prince has been converted at the last moment — not a very new dramatic device — and takes the poet north to live at court. The *Rosengarten* is to be followed by *Dietrich*, to which it is a prelude, and which will complete the Trilogy.

In Vienna a new operetta by Oscar Strauss has been presented, called *The Pearls of Cleopatra*. The book is based on the old story of the dissolving of the pearls, and Cleopatra is equipped with an adequate number of lovers, the play ending with her submission to Mark Antony.

BOLSHEVISM, OXFORD STYLE

THE distinguishing mark of the English university 'rag' is its satirical implication. Undergraduate jokes in other countries are often exceedingly funny, but they are usually only the outcome of youth and high spirits. Rags at Oxford or Cambridge are quite as funny as anything the undergraduate brain — ever fertile in mischief — of any country has devised, but they have in addition a curiously intellectual quality that sets them quite apart from pranks elsewhere.

Wearisome controversial tomes could not have punctured the windy absurdities of the psychoanalysts with half the certainty and speed of the Oxford students, who hired a hall last year and, disguising one of their number as a German scientist, solemnly sponsored a 'spoof' lecture. This rag was favored by the fact that a parody of psychoanalysis, no matter how wild, can scarcely be wilder than the real thing. Even the mad, mad dream and its still madder interpretation in Miss Glaspell's satiric little farce, *Suppressed Desires*, sound to the uninitiated ear like psychoanalysis bubbling straight from the wells of truth in Vienna. But victims who do not lend themselves with so much ease to ridicule likewise fall victim to student ragging. It is only a year or so since the authorities of one university were induced to receive a fake ambassador with due solemnity, and scarcely longer since the traffic of an entire street was blocked for days because students, disguised as workmen, had gravely marked it off with trestles as if about to begin repairs. And the exploits of the Pavement Club at Cambridge, which protested against the rush of modern life by the more than Buddhistic device of sitting and knitting by hundreds in the middle of a busy street, are not likely to fade from memory soon.

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What is almost a climax was reached at Oxford on the day of the English elections, when the 'Futuro-Bolshevist' candidate for Parliament appeared. His name was Dr. B. Vir Bludski, and he wore a dark and Communistic-looking beard. He arrived with due solemnity at the Great Western Railway Station, where he was greeted by a score of undergraduates, also bearded, with a Latin address. He was driven through the streets by a kicking pony until he reached the Martyrs' Memorial, where a short political meeting was held. The candidate issued a political programme of fourteen points, most important among which were the abolition of examinations and other capitalist institutions; the instant execution of the proctors, who enforce discipline, and other counter-revolutionary malefactors; the establishment of a vodka fountain in the centre of the city; the relief of unemployment by the abolition of work; the suppression of education; the lethal chamber for all life members of the Oxford Union, probably the most famous debating club in the world; free trade in bananas; and the extermination of the walrus. The candidate strenuously insisted that Magdalen College should be painted red. He was escorted by a band of Red Guards who wore red ribbons and carried bottles of vodka.

Comrade Bludski was hailed as the Vampire of the Volga and the man who put the 'beer' in Siberia. The orator who greeted him declared that Oxford had welcomed many undesirable aliens in its time, but never one so undesirable as B. Vir Bludski.

THE PROFESSOR OF POETRY

THE chair of poetry at Oxford, made vacant by the death of Professor W. P. Ker, has just been filled by the election of Mr. H. W. Garrod. The professor of poetry does not owe his appointment to the University authorities, but is elected by the House of Convocation — that is, by all Masters of the Arts and holders of higher degrees whose names are on the college books. It is these degree-holders also who elect the University's representatives in Parliament; and so jealously preserved are the privileges that attach to the degree of Master of Arts that even foreigners holding this degree are still entitled to vote for Parliament.

The elections for the House of Commons are held by post, so that Masters not living in Oxford can vote in their own constituencies and likewise mail in their votes to the University. But at Oxford poetry is more important than politics, and voters for the professorship must attend in person.

Professor Garrod's rival was Mr. John C. Bailey, whom he defeated by a majority of 134 out of a total of 422 votes. The electioneering which preceded the vote was extremely lively, though conducted with rather more dignity and certainly more wit than marks an ordinary campaign. Even *Punch* took a hand and satirized Mr. Garrod's candidacy in verse. His supporters at Oxford contrived to lash themselves into a fine frenzy over this, because *Punch* implied that Mr. Garrod's attainments in classical scholarship in some way disqualified him for his professorship. Mr. Garrod and his supporters pointed triumphantly to Professor A. E. Housman of Cambridge — who could safely be used as an example because he was a Cambridge man and not a likely candidate — as a brilliant example of one who is both poet and classicist. Neither Mr. Bailey nor Professor Garrod are themselves poets, and the election inevitably raised the old quarrel between critics and creators, which is fairly well summed up by 'Pegasus,' who writes a letter

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to the *Morning Post* on what he calls the 'Battle of the Frogs and the Mice': —

> We do not, of course, expect that our professors of poetry shall be Brownings or Tennysons, any more than we expect our professors of anatomy to spend their afternoons bonesetting in the Oxford Hospital, or our lecturers in applied physics peddling three-valve sets to undergraduate listeners-in. We do feel, on the other hand, that no man, however erudite, will ever teach the rising generation to write poetry if he has not, at least in his wilder moments, been driven to wrap the singing mantle about his own shoulders.

The chair of poetry itself is quite as interesting as its present occupant. It is the only professorship of poetry in the United Kingdom, and it represents a great tradition. No other chair is awarded by so large a vote, other professors being appointed either by the Crown or by a much more limited number of electors. It was established by Henry Birkhead, Scholar of Trinity and Fellow of All Souls, who asserted that poetry conduces to 'sharpening and making ready and nimble the wits of the young,' and who looked forward to 'an addition being made to more serious literature, whether sacred or profane.'

There is a delightful vagueness about the duties of this professor. He is just a professor of poetry, not a professor of any particular poetry. He does not have to profess English poetry nor even Greek or Latin poetry. He may emphasize in his lectures any poetry in the world. When Lowth held the chair he specialized in Hebrew poetry, and under Milman the beauties of Sanskrit verse received especial attention.

Few of the occupants of the chair have been great primarily as poets. Robert Browning was almost elected, and it was once proposed to elect William Morris, who himself soon put a stop to the proposal. The most eminent poet who has ever held the chair was Matthew Arnold, though he was probably elected rather as critic than as poet. In general, as is the way with literary chairs in universities, the critics have had the best of it, although Keble, Warton, Milman, and Doyle were not contemptible writers.

✽

DINGLEY DELL UP TO DATE

DINGLEY DELL has changed since Mr. Pickwick's time. The latest news from that historic spot is that Lily, an African lioness who now makes her home at Cob Tree Manor, which is said to be the original used by Dickens, has given birth to cubs. Somehow one does not associate lions and lion cubs with the most famous of all the resorts of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Tupman, but Cob Tree Manor is now the site of one of the largest private menageries in Great Britain, the property of Mr. G. Tyrwhitt-Drake, Mayor of Maidstone. He has been extremely successful in breeding lions, and the four little cubs that have just made their appearance are the offspring of a mother also born in Great Britain. Lions are not usually born so late in the year, yet these little cubs have not been coddled in any way. There is no artificial heat in their quarters, and they have already braved frost and a temperature of sixteen degrees without any ill effects.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Rover, by Joseph Conrad. London: T. Fisher Unwin; Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1923. $2.00.

[*Spectator*]

THE Rover of Mr. Conrad's story is Master-Gunner Peyrol, whom we meet first at the age of fifty-eight in the act of bringing into Toulon Harbor a battered prize ship captured by a squadron of the French Republic in distant seas. Peyrol's life had been spent at sea both lawfully as a sailor of the Republic and unlawfully 'under the sun of Indian seas in lawless contests with his kind for a little loot that vanished as soon as grasped, but mainly for bare life almost as precarious to hold through its ups and downs. . . .' Having handed over at Toulon, he returns to his native place, a lonely promontory not far from that port, and settles there as lodger in a farm with the notion of ending his days in peace.

At the farm live Arlette and Catherine, daughter and sister of a Royalist who, with his wife, was murdered during the Revolution. There, too, lives the sans-culotte Scevola, who had denounced Arlette's parents, but had rescued her from the horrors of the massacre and brought her back, half distraught, to the farm of which he made himself master. Hither, besides Peyrol, comes Lieutenant Réal to observe the movements of the English blockading fleet and to carry out a plot to mislead the English Admiral, Lord Nelson, by allowing an English sloop to capture false dispatches to the effect that the French fleet was about to sail east. In reality the fleet escaped west, an event which resulted in Trafalgar.

Old Peyrol, as we are allowed to see, loves Arlette, but Arlette has fixed her heart on young Réal, and the story ends in Peyrol, by a trick, abandoning Réal on shore for the sake of Arlette and himself sailing off to his death with the false dispatches which the English duly capture. The plot, told thus barely, is, as often in Mr. Conrad's novels, simple and brief. Its complexity and force are achieved by the writer's emotional and psychological development of it. Old Peyrol is admirably drawn — one of the finest and most lovable of Mr. Conrad's men; and Arlette, too, has a pathos and attractiveness greater than any other of her creator's women.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. CONRAD, certainly, has written greater things than this; but among his recent books it stands out for the speed of movement, and not less for the impress of its truth to human nature. Peyrol, you may conceivably think, is idealized, too benignant for his past. But that sense of the passage and effects of time which Mr. Conrad knows how to achieve is well applied to the case of the rover. One feels, too, the rational composure with which he has gone through an amazing life. He remains sudden and strong of hand; and even in his last self-devotion there is room for other feelings, such as indifference to mere living and a grim joke upon the English captain. It would be truer to say that Mr. Conrad simplifies, remembering the while those depths under the firm outline. He shows the ideal, not as obscuring the real, but as inhabiting it. So Peyrol has a classic strength which puts him, like the old seaman of the Narcissus, with the best in Mr. Conrad's gallery of sailors. It goes deeper than romance and means an unshaken hold upon reality.

[J. C. Squire in the *Observer*]

I BELIEVE that Mr. Conrad would have written a greater book had he concentrated entirely on one of his three themes, and I hanker for the story he might have written about the naval war or the Terror. Nevertheless, one should be grateful for what one gets, and whatever else may flag, Mr. Conrad's spirit never flags. He is that unusual thing in modern literature: an unshrinking realist who never loses his faith in the worth of life and in the major virtues. The idea of honor is always present in his mind; he is on the side of the angels, though he may think the devils are getting the best of it. Peyrol is one more symbol of his belief in courage, generosity, and self-control — qualities which to him shine like lamps in a dark world.

The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche, by Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. Illustrated with sixteen woodcuts by Marcia Lane Foster. London: John Lane, 1923. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*New Statesman*]

ONE supposes that Jack Turnspit heard most of these tales when, as a small boy with open eyes and mouth, he sat in the corner of the Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque, listening to M. l'Abbé Coignard. They are translated into discriminate English, slightly seasoned with the archaic, but no Wardouresque, and not unpleasing to an epicurean taste. Malice of quick steel as in *Candide*, rather than the Rabelaisian fullness of the *Contes Drolatiques*, is to be found in them, though the first tale, in which the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne, having drunk overmuch beneath the

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golden dome and carven emerald friezes of the Palace of Constantinople, indulge in glorious gasconade and have to fulfill their braggart tongues, is loud enough with merriment. The story of a blind girl martyred for peace, while Jeanne d'Arc assails the walls of the city, has tragic irony and a pity to be suspected. 'A Good Lesson Well Learnt,' an unusual comment on the text of *Vanitas*, might have been told in the *Decameron*. Is it necessary to add that these tales, merry or ironic as one wills, may be unpleasing to the serious of mind?

The woodcuts by Miss Foster follow a fantastic convention of their own. They are admirable in delicacy and lightness.

A Second Scrap-Book, by George Saintsbury. London and New York: Macmillan, 1923. $2.50.

[Observer]

THOSE who enjoy — and what lover of life and letters does not — Dr. Saintsbury in his discourses on books or his histories of literature will enjoy equally this delightful volume of scraps. The long series of papers on Oxford of sixty years ago deserves, indeed, a more dignified title. Dr. Saintsbury has clearly confessed that he would like to write a history of the Tractarian movement; and he shows in 'Lost Leaders' and the other Oxford essays how extremely well he could do it. He shows, also, however, that he could write a history with a far wider range than that of the great religious revival; and we could wish it was not too late for him to attempt a history of the religious and rationalistic movements of the nineteenth century. At Oxford one of his friends and intimates was Mandell Creighton, afterward Bishop of London — a man whom a great Cambridge theologian once described as having much of the devotion of Dr. Gore and more than the intellect of Dr. Inge.

There is no essay which has not its particular delight and appeal. There are notes on wine; notes on politics; notes on literature; notes on morals (there is a fine instance of firm thinking called 'The Sin of Betting'); notes on a revised Psalter; and a generous and indignant note on the race and habits of Improvers, the men who abridge or reduce books 'either in the interests of pure Bowdlerism; or to make them more easily misusable for scholastic purposes; or sometimes, I believe, merely to pander to the general contemporary appetite for tabloids. Just before writing this I have actually seen an "abridged" edition of Southey's *Life of Nelson* promised. . . . But the most monstrous experiment that I have actually seen and read recently was performed on my beloved *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.' Then Dr. Saintsbury goes on to tell how he met this mutilated monster. In a day when authors are rather apt to exploit their personalities, Dr. Saintsbury is remarkable for his vivid interests in things and in other persons. He tells you about his opinions and his convictions, but as little as possible about his own self.

Metaphysics of Life and Death, by Dr. W. Tudor Jones. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Buddhism and Christianity, by Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Aspects of the Study of Society, by R. T. Evans. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[Discovery]

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BOOK MENTIONED

DE LA MARE, WALTER. *Songs of Childhood.* London: Longmans, 1923.

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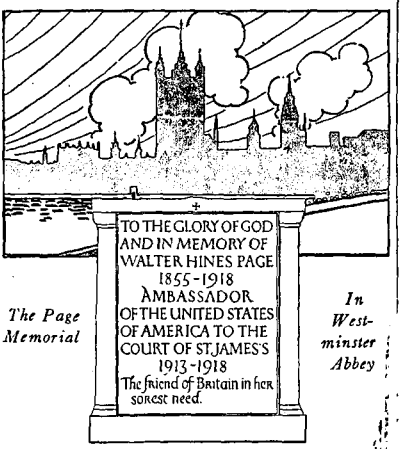

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